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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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AN OLD CAMPAIGN SONG

Editor Blade: My earliest recollection of political campaigns was that of Clay and Frelinghuysen, Republicans, and Polk and Dallas, Democrats.

I recall a part of one of the campaign songs:

"James K. Polk, he dreamed a dream,
The fact we may all endorse,
He thought he must cross a very large stream,
And he had neither boat nor horse,
horse, horse.
And he had neither boat nor horse.

The thought of crossing that swollen tide
Distracted his mind with fear;
But he saw a white house on the opposite side,
And Old Harry was in his rear, rear, rear,
And Old Harry was in his rear.

* * * * * * *

The steamer Old Tariff came down the stream
And she raised the waves so high
That it changed the spirit of Jimmy K.'s dream,
And he raised a fearful cry, cry, cry.
And he raised a fearful cry.

Help, Cassius, I'm sinking, says Jimmy, says he,
And Blair made a grab, as he called,
But Jimmie's top-knot, like the Irishman's flea,
Wasn't there, for his noggin was bald, bald, bald,
Wasn't there, for his noggin was bald."

The third verse I cannot call to mind.

One verse of another song of the same contest:

"Oh, annexation was the yoke
That fixed Van like a pig in a poke.
They poked it to the coming elf,
By poking James K. Polk himself.
Ha, ha, ha, such a nominee,
As James K. Polk of Tennessee."

Another of the Scott and Pierce campaign:

"Oh, have you heard of Frankie Pierce,
He'll make you faint by looking fierce.
The Chippeway ball is rolling and rolling,
The Chippeway ball is rolling on,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
The Chippeway ball is rolling and rolling,
The Chippeway ball is rolling on."

Perhaps some of the old-timers of the hard cider, coonskin and log cabin campaigns can supply the other verses.

W. A. TOWNSEND.

Randolph, Iowa.

ESTIMATE AGE OF EARTH

Professor Darwin, of England, declared, some time ago, his belief that the age of the earth cannot be less than one hundred millions of years old. Flammarion tells us now that this estimate is too low by at least fifty millions of years. The late Lord Kelvin declared soon before his death that his former estimate—10,000,000 years—was far too low, and that the more he studied the question the more strongly inclined he was to accept the estimate of Professor Darwin. Finally, Fourier feels convinced that the eventual estimate which shall be proved to be scientifically accurate will show that the earth must be at least as old as the son of the great Darwin declares it to be.

The proof which has upset the common Biblical affirmation of 6,000 years as being the age of the earth is found, beyond the possibility of controversy, in the examination of geological strata. The great geologist Lyall was the first to apply the petric test, and his experiments demonstrated beyond cavil that the time which must have elapsed between the beginning of the cooling process of the fragment of the sun which we now inhabit and the formation of the outer strata must have been at least several millions of years. Modern criteria have changed all calculations which were made previously to the new declarations made by Darwin and Haeckel, the age of petric strata being now quite as easily and as accurately determinable as the age of trees, or as the age of disinterred human bones.

As to the length of time the earth is likely to last, the calculations are that it will not cease to be active for a good many million of years, such activity not, however, necesarily supposing that life, as we know it now, will always be possible, the eventuality of a universal ice-age being always a contingency that may occur again in the history of the globe.

It is interesting to note that in this connection a Swedish mystic has become solidified. Berg recently declared that the world would never know another ice-age, but that it was now running out of its course to the end. Its existence, he declared, would endure as long as fire burned in the earth's bowels—that is, until the whole mass shall have become solidified. The internal fires, he said, provided the link which maintained the earth in the sun's sphere of attraction. When this attraction shall fail the earth, according to the Swede, will cease to revolve and will fall away, only to disappear by fire caused by friction, thus verifying the Biblical prophecy. As, however, the process of cooling down entirely will take some billions of years, the nervous person will note that there is really no immediate cause for alarm.

LARGEST OF BAROMETERS

Interesting Instrument Now in Observatory of Florence.

Father Alfani, the director of the Meteorological observatory of Florence, has constructed the largest barometer in the world. The instrument is nearly 15 meters high and its glass tube has a diameter of over 20 centimeters.

Father Alfani intended originally to use water instead of mercury in this barometer, but he discovered that a column of water with a vacuum above it could not rise higher than ten meters, consequently he decided to use olive oil instead of water. To his great surprise, however, he found out that oil contained a greater quantity of air than water, and he experienced the greatest difficulty in removing it.

When this was accomplished and the fluid was placed in the glass tube the instrument was found to register the weight or pressure of the atmosphere with perfection. The barometer is now exposed in Faenza, where the centenary of Evangelista Torricelli is being celebrated.

Maine Hails a New Fish.

Bangor Dispatch to New York World.

The advent of a new species of fish in the waters of the Passamaquoddy and St. Andrews bays has opened the prospect of revolutionizing the sardine canning business in Maine.

The fish, which is claimed to be a caplin or pilchard—the latter known as the "true sardine"—were first found in the herring catches about a fortnight ago, following which practically every catch of fish brought to Eastport from the various bays along the coast has contained numbers of them, too few, however, to admit of any extensive canning. Those which were packed were pronounced by experienced canners to be the best product ever sent from the canneries of Eastport. This fish is about seven inches in length and considerably thicker and fatter than the herring usually used. It is hoped that the small quantity caught thus far are the vanguard of schools.

MADE OF WOOD WASTE.

Substitutes for Many Materials Produced by New Method.

Satisfactory substitutes for wood, horn, rubber and like materials are produced by F. Auner, of Medgyes, Hungary, by a new treatment of wood waste. After a preliminary treatment and hardening with size and such solution as aluminum salts or potassium bichromate, the waste is dried and ground, and the fine material is then mixed with a binding agent such as glue containing a little potassium bichromate, together with oatmeal or linseed meal, or other substance containing starch, gum or varnish. The details of the process may be considerably varied. Further hardening may be given by the addition of mineral matters, such as infusorial earth, chalk, kaolin or fine alumina; and toughness may be imparted by adding 5 to 10 per cent of chopped textile fiber, rags, hemp, jute, or the like. Coloring matters may be incorporated. The mass, after thorough mixing, is subjected to the action of steam, and molded under pressure. By suitable variations the waste is in this way specially adapted for bobbins, door and drawer handles, boxes, floorings, wall coverings, dishes, fancy goods and furniture.

Scents Used by Royalty.

London Tit-Bits.

Apropos of recent unfavorable comments by a London magistrate on the use of perfumes, it may be pointed out that very exalted personages are habitual users of scent. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has daily a pint of eau de cologne in her morning bath; Queen Victoria, of Spain, affects a mixture of Iris and lavender on her handkerchiefs; Queen Helena, of Italy, prefers iris and heliotrope; the Dowager Queen of Italy and Queen Amelia, of Portugal, are devotees of sweet violets, but the Empress of Russia leads the way, as she spends no less than £4,000 a year on perfumery in Paris alone. In respect of violets, she requires that they shall be plucked just at sunset. And when the boxes of violets reach St. Petersburg they are first sent to be examined, lest they might conceal a bomb or some deadly poison.

Life.

Give me a taste of life!
Not the tang of a seasoned wine;
Not the drug of an unearned bread;
Not the grape of an untilled vine.
The life that is really life;
That comes from no fount afar,
But springs from the toil and strife
In the world of things as they are.

Give me the whole of life!
The joy, the hope and the pain.
The struggle whose end is strength,
The loss that is infinite gain.
Not the drought of a cloudless sky,
Not the rust of a fruitless rest;
Give me the sun and the storm,
The calm and the white sea crest.

Give me the best of life!
To live in the world with God.
Where the seed that is sown and dies
Lifts a harvest over the sod.
Where beauty and truth are one,
Where the right must have its way.
Where the storm-clouds part for stars
And the starlight heralds the day.

Give me the toil of life!
The muscle and mind to dare,
No luxury's lap for my head,
No idly won wealth to share,
Whether by pick or plane,
Whether by tongue or pen,
Let me not live in vain;
Let me do a man's work among men.

—C. P. Cleaves in Youth's Companion.

Deposited Ashes at Sea

Boston Transcript.

There was a burial in the waters off the Massachusetts coast yesterday of so mysterious a nature that the police have given the matter some attention. Investigations, however, lead to the belief that the strange ceremony was in compliance with the last wishes of some unknown testator. The main facts are that at noon Saturday two men approached George Fitzpatrick, in charge of the boat livery at Driscoll's Landing in Atlantic avenue, and made arrangements to hire one of his launches for a trip Sunday beyond the harbor limits. Arrangements were made to go in the launch Alice, and Sunday the men appeared. They carried a heavy object, which one of them said later contained the ashes of a Brookline man named Joyce, in whose will was a clause that his ashes, after cremation, be consigned to the deep water. They were respecting his wishes.

The ceremony, it appears from the version of the boatman, Charles Davis, was conducted reverently, and probabilities are that instead of coming from Brookline, the two strangers came from a distance. Davis, who ran the launch for the burial party, said this morning that shortly after they had passed the Graves, he suggested that the water was deep enough there for their purpose, but the two passengers bade him keep on. They said they were anxious to go beyond the three-mile limit and the forty-fathom line. Davis steered the Alice toward Marblehead to a point five miles off shore. Here her engines were stopped and the two men, whom Davis thinks were an attorney and an executor, removed the paper from the package. The boatman could see that the fine piece of bronze bore an inscription. It was deposited reverently over he side. At first the men were in doubt as to whether it would sink, but as the launch drifted away it slowly disappeared beneath the surface.

HORSE SENSE.

Animal Awoke Master When Its Companion Was in Peril.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A horse owned by George Terry, of Mattituck, L. I., saved its companion from death. Early in the morning Mr. Terry was awakened by one of the horses making an unusual noise near the house. It was stamping around and neighing in a way that not only woke its master but suggested to him that something was the matter with his beasts. The horses had been left out in a pasture over night, and in this pasture was a sort of slough hole.

Mr. Terry dressed and went out to look into the cause of the trouble. He found the horse's companion mired in the slough hole mud so deep that only its back was visible. The other horse was cropping about near, evidently in grief at the plight of its companion. It was this noise that woke the owner.

Mr. Terry saw that something must be done quickly if the horse was to be saved for it was slowly sinking, and was floundering about in a way that would soon have exhausted it, anyway. He woke up several neighbors, who helped him to get the animal out.

The faithful companion followed it to the barn, and remained near it all day. There is no doubt in the minds of Mr. Terry and those who heard of the affair that the horse knew its companion was in dire straits and was trying to summon aid by its unusual noise. The two beasts have worked together for some time.

The SLAVE of SILENCE

By F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER I.

The girl turned away from the splendor of it and laid her aching head against the cool window-pane. A hansom flashed along in the street below with just a glimpse of a pretty laughing girl in it with a man by her side. From another part of the Royal Palace hotel came sounds of mirth and gaiety. All the world seemed to be happy, tonight, perhaps to mock the misery of the girl with her head against the window-pane.

And yet on the face of it, Beatrice Darryll's lines seemed to have fallen in pleasant places. She was young and healthy, and, in the eyes of her friends, beautiful. Still, the startling pallor of her face was in vivid contrast with the dead black dress she wore, a dress against which her white arms and throat stood out like ivory on a background of ebony and silver. There was no color about the girl at all, save for the warm, ripe tone of her hair and the deep, steadfast blue of her eyes. Though her face was cold and scornful, she would not have given the spectator the impression of coldness, only utter weariness and a tiredness of life at the early age of twenty-two.

Behind her was a table laid out for a score of dinner guests. Everything was absolutely perfect and exceedingly costly, as appertained to all things at the Royal Palace hotel, where the head waiter condescended to bow to nothing under a millionaire. The table decorations were red in tone, there were red shades to the low electric lights, and masses of red carnations everywhere. No taste, and incidentally no expense had been spared, for Beatrice Darryll was to be married on the morrow, and her father, Sir Charles, was giving this dinner in honor of the occasion. Only a very rich man could afford a luxury like that.

"I think everything is complete, madame," a waiter suggested softly. "If there is anything——"

Beatrice turned wearily from the window. She looked old and odd and drawn just for the moment. And yet that face could ripple with delighted smiles, the little red mouth was made for laughter. Beatrice's eyes swept over the wealth of good taste and criminal extravagance.

"It will do very nicely," the girl said. "It will do—anything will do. I mean you have done your work splendidly. I am more than satisfied."

The gratified, if slightly puzzled, waiter bowed himself out. The bitter scorn in Beatrice's eyes deepened. What did all this reckless extravagance mean? Why was it justified? The man who might have answered the question sauntered into the room. A wonderfully well-preserved man was Sir Charles Darryll, with a boyish smile and an air of perennial youth unspotted by the world, a man who was totally unfitted to cope with the hard grip and sordid side of life. There were some who said that he was a grasping, greedy, selfish old rascal, who under the guise of youthful integrity concealed a nature that was harsh and cruel.

"Well, my dear child," Sir Charles cried. "And are you not satisfied? That table-setting is perfect; I never saw anything in more exquisite taste."

"It will all have to be paid for," Beatrice said wearily. "The money—"

"Will be forthcoming. I have no doubt of it. Whether I have it at the bank or not I cannot for the moment say. If not, then our good friend Stephen Richford must lend it me. My dear child, that black dress of yours gives me quite a painful shock. Why wear it?"

Beatrice crossed over and regarded her pale reflection in the glass opposite. The little pink nails were dug fiercely into the still pinker flesh of her palm.

"Why not?" she asked. "Is it not appropriate? Am I not in the deepest mourning for my lost honor? Tomorrow I am going to marry a man who from the bottom of my heart I loathe and despise. I am going to sell myself to him for money—money to save your good name. Oh, I know that I shall have the benediction of the church, less fortunate girls will envy me; but I am not a whit better than the poor creature flaunting her shame on the pavement. Nay, I am worse, for she can plead that love was the cause of her undoing. Father, I can't, can't go through with it."

She flung herself down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. The boyish innocence of Sir Charles' face changed suddenly, a wicked gleam came into his eyes. His friends would have found a difficulty in recognizing him then.

"Get up," he said sternly. "Get up and come to the window with me. Now, what do you see in this room?"

"Evidences of wealth that is glittering here," Beatrice cried. "Shameless extravagance that you can never hope to pay for. Costly flowers——"

"And every thing that makes life worth living. All these things are necessary to me. They will be with me till the end if you marry Stephen Richfield. Now look outside. Do you see those two men elaborately doing nothing by the railings opposite. You do? Well, they are watching me. They have been dogging me for three days. And if anything happened now, a sudden illness on your part, anything to postpone tomorrow's ceremony, I should pass the next day in jail. You did not think it was as bad as that, did you?"

The man's face was livid with fury; he had Beatrice's bare arm in a cruel grip, but she did not notice the pain. Her mental trouble was too deep for that.

"It's that City Company that I hinted at," Sir Charles went on. "There was a chance of a fortune there. I recognized that chance, and I became a director. And there was risk, too. We took our chance, and the chance failed. We gambled desperately, and again fortune failed us. Certain people who were against us have made unhappy discoveries. That is why those men are watching me. But if I can send the chairman a letter tomorrow assuming innocence and regret and enclosing a check for £5,000 to cover my fees and to recover all the shares I have sold, then I come out with a higher reputation than ever. I shall shine as the one honest man in a den of thieves. That check and more Richford has promised me directly you are his wife. Do you understand, you sullen, white-faced fool? Do you see the danger? If I thought you were going to back out of it now, I'd strangle you."

Beatrice felt no fear; she was long past that emotion. Her weary eyes fell on the banks of red carnations; on the shaded lights and the exquisite table service. The fit of passion had left her indifferent and cold. She was not in the least sullen.

"It would be the kindest act you could do, father," she said. "Oh, I know that this is no new thing. There is no novelty in the situation of a girl giving herself to a man whom she despises, for the sake of his money. The records of the divorce court teem with such cases. For the battered honor of my father I am going to lose my own. Be silent—no sophistry of yours can hide the brutal truth. I hate that man from the bottom of my soul, and he knows it. And yet his one desire is to marry me. In heaven's name, why?"

Sir Charles chuckled slightly. The danger was past, and he could afford to be good-humored again. Looking at his daughter he could understand the feelings of the lover who grew all the more ardent as Beatrice drew back. And Stephen Richford was a millionaire. It mattered little that both he and his father had made their money in crooked ways; it mattered little that the best men and a few of the best clubs would have none of Stephen Richford so long as society generally smiled on him and fawned at his feet.

"You need have no further fear," Beatrice answered coldly. "My weakness has passed. I am not likely to forget myself again. My heart is dead and buried——"

"That's the way to talk," Sir Charles said cheerfully. "Feeling better, eh? I once fancied that that confounded foolishness between Mark Ventmore and yourself—eh, what?"

A wave of crimson passed over Beatrice's pale face. Her little hands trembled.

"It was no foolishness," she said. "I never cared for anyone but Mark. I never shall care for anybody else. If Mark's father had not disowned him, because he preferred art to that terrible city, you would never have come between us. But you parted us, and you thought that there was an end of it. But you were wrong. Let me tell the truth. I wrote to Mark in Venice, only last week, asking him to come to me. I got no reply to that letter. If I had and he had come to me, I should have told him everything and implored him to marry me. But the letter was not delivered, and therefore you need have no fear of those men in the street. But my escape has been much nearer than you imagine."

Sir Charles turned away humming some operatic fragment gaily. There was not the least occasion for him to give any display of feeling in the matter. It had been an exceedingly lucky thing for him that the letter in question had miscarried. And nothing could make any difference now, seeing that Beatrice had given her word, and that was a thing that she always respected. All Beatrice's probity and honour she inherited from her mother.

"Very foolish, very foolish," Sir Charles muttered benignly. "Girls are so impulsive. Don't you think that those carnations would be improved by a little more foliage at the base? They strike me as being a little set and formal. Now, is not that better?"

As if he had not either care or trouble in the world, Sir Charles added a few deft touches to the deep crimson blooms. His face was careless and boyish and open again. From the next room came the swish of silken skirts and the sound of a high-bred voice asking for somebody.

"Lady Rashborough," Sir Charles cried, "I'll go and receive her. And do for goodness' sake try to look a little more cheerful. Stay in here and compose yourself."

Sir Charles went off with an eager step and his most fascinating smile. Lord Rashborough was the head of his family. He was going to give Beatrice away tomorrow; indeed, Beatrice would drive to the church from Rashborough's town house, though the reception was in the Royal Palace hotel.

Beatrice passed her hand across her face wearily. She stood for a moment looking into the fire, her thoughts very far away. Gradually the world and its surroundings came back to her, and she was more or less conscious that somebody was in the room. As she turned suddenly a tall figure turned also, and made with hesitation towards the door.

"I am afraid," the stranger said in a soft, pleading voice; "I am afraid that I have made a mistake."

"If you are looking for anybody," Beatrice suggested, "my father has these rooms. If you have come to see Sir Charles Darryll, why, I could——"

It struck Beatrice just for a moment that here was an adventurer after the silver plate. But a glance at the beautiful, smooth, sorrowful face beat down the suspicion as quickly as it had risen. The intruder was unmistakably a lady, she was dressed from head to foot in silver grey, and had a bonnet to match. In some vague way she reminded Beatrice of a hospital nurse, and then again of some grande dame in one of the old-fashioned country houses where the parvenue and the Russo-Semitic financier is not permitted to enter.

"I took the wrong turn," the stranger said. "I fancy I can reach the corridor by that door opposite. These great hotels are so big, they confuse me. So you are Beatrice Darryll; I have often heard of you. If I may venture to congratulate you upon ——"

"No, no," Beatrice cried quickly. "Please don't. Perhaps if you tell me your name I may be in a position to help you to find anybody you may chance ——"

The stranger shook her head as she stood in the doorway. Her voice was low and sweet as she replied.

"It does not in the least matter," she said. "You can call me the Slave of the Bond."

CHAPTER II.

The guests had assembled at length, the dinner was in full swing. It would have been hard for any onlooker to have guessed that so much misery and heart-burning were there. Sir Charles, smiling, gay, debonair, chatted with his guests as if quite forgetful of the silent watchers by the railings outside. He might have been a rich man as he surveyed the tables and ordered the waiters about. True, somebody else would eventually pay for the dinner, but that detracted nothing from the host's enjoyment.

Beatrice had a fixed smile to her face; she also had disguised her feelings marvelously. There were other girls bidden to that brilliant feast who envied Miss Darryll and secretly wondered why she was dressed so plainly and simply. On her left hand sat Stephen Richford, a dull, heavy looking man with a thick lip and a suggestion of shiftiness in his small eyes. Altogether he bore a strong resemblance to a prize fighter. He was quiet and a little moody, as was his wont, so that most of Beatrice's conversation was directed to her neighbour on the other side, Colonel Berrington, a brilliant soldier not long from the east.

A handsome and distinguished looking man he was, with melancholy droop to his moustache and the shadow of some old sorrow in his eyes. Colonel Berrington went everywhere and knew everything, but as to his past he said nothing. Nobody knew anything about his people and yet everybody trusted him, indeed no man in the army had been in receipt of more confidences. Perhaps it was his innate feeling, his deep sense of introspection. And he knew by a kind of instinct that the beautiful girl by his side was not happy.

"So this is your last free party, Miss Beatrice," he smiled. "It seems strange to think that when last we met you were a happy child, and now ——"

"And now an unhappy woman, you were going to suggest," Beatrice replied. "Is not that so?"

"Positively, I refuse to have words like that put into my mouth," Berrington protested. "Looking round the table I can see four girls at least who are envying you from the bottom of their hearts. Now could any society woman be miserable under those circumstances?"

Beatrice flushed a little as she toyed nervously with her bread. Berrington's words were playful enough, but there was a hidden meaning behind them that Beatrice did not fail to notice. In a way he was telling her how sorry he was; Richford had been more or less dragged into a sporting discussion by the lady on the other side, so that Beatrice and her companion had no fear of being interrupted. Their eyes met for a moment.

"I don't think they have any great need to be envious," the girl said. "Colonel Berrington, I am going to ask what may seem a strange question under the circumstances. I am going to make a singular request. Everybody likes and trusts you. I have liked and trusted you since the first day I met you. Will you be my friend—if anything happens when I want a friend sorely, will you come to me and help me? I know it is singular—"

"It is not at all singular," Berrington said in a low voice. He shot a quick glance of dislike at Richford's heavy jowl. "One sees things, quiet men like myself always see things. And I understand exactly what you mean. If I am in England I will come to you. But I warn you that my time is fully occupied. All my long leave—"

"But surely you have no work to do whilst you are in England on leave?"

"Indeed I have. I have a quest, a search that never seems to end. I thought that I had finished it tonight, and singularly enough, in this very hotel. I can't go into the matter here with all this chattering mob of people about us, for the story is a sad one. But if ever you should chance to meet a grey lady with brown eyes and lovely grey hair—"

"The stranger! How singular!" Beatrice exclaimed. "Why, only tonight in this very room."

"Ah!" the word came with a gasp almost like pain from Berrington's lips. The laughter and chatter of the dinner table gave these two a sense of personal isolation. "That is remarkable. I am looking for a grey lady, and I trace her to this hotel—quite by accident, and simply because I am dining here tonight. And you saw her in this room?"

"I did," Beatrice said eagerly. "She came here by mistake; evidently she had just the eyes and hair that you describe. And when I asked her who she was, she merely said that she was the Slave of the Bond and vanished."

Colonel Berrington's entree lay neglected on his plate. A deeper tinge of melancholy than usual was on his face. It was some time before he spoke again.

"The Slave of the Bond," he echoed. "How true, how characteristic! And that is all you have to tell me. If you see her again . . . I will tell you the story some other time, not before these frivolous creatures here. It is a sad story; to a great extent, it reminds me of your own, Miss Beatrice."

"Is mine a sad story?" Beatrice smiled and blushed. "In what way is it sad, do you think?"

"Well, we need not go into details here," Berrington replied. "You see, Mark Ventmore is an old friend of mine. I knew his father intimately. It was only at Easter that we met in Rome, and, as you say, people are so good as to regard me as worthy of confidence. Beatrice, is it too late?"

Berrington asked the question in a fierce, sudden whisper. His lean fingers clasped over the girl's hand. Sir Charles was leaning back in his chair talking gaily. Nobody seemed to heed the drama that was going on in their midst. Beatrice's eyes filled with tears.

"It is a great comfort to me to know that I have so good and true a friend," she said with her eyes cast down on her plate. "No, I do not want any wine. Why does that waiter keep pushing that wine list of his under my nose?"

"Then you are quite sure that it is too late?" Berrington asked again.

"My dear friend, it is inevitable," Beatrice replied. "It is a matter of—duty. Look at my father."

Berrington glanced in the direction of Sir Charles, who was bending tenderly over the very pretty woman on his right hand. Apparently the baronet had not a single care in the world; his slim hand toyed with a glass of vintage claret. Berrington gave him a quick glance of contempt.

"I do not see what Sir Charles has to do with it," he said.

"My father has everything to do with it," Beatrice said. "Does he not look happy and prosperous! And yet you can never tell. And there was a time when he was so very different. And the mere thought that any action of mine would bring disgrace upon him ——"

Beatrice paused as she felt Berrington's eyes upon her. The expression of his face showed that she had said enough, and more than enough.

"I quite understand," Berrington said quietly. "You are a hostage to fortune. Honour thy father that his days may be long in the land where good dinners abound and tradesmen are confiding. But the shame, the burning shame of it! Here's that confounded waiter again."

Beatrice felt inclined to laugh hysterically at Berrington's sudden change of tone. The dark-eyed Swiss waiter was bending over the girl's chair again with a supplicating suggestion that she should try a little wine of some sort. He had a clean list in his hand, and even Berrington's severest military frown did not suffice to scare him away.

"Ver' excellent wine," he murmured. "A little claret, a liqueur. No. 74 is what — will madame kindly look? Madame will look for one little moment?"

With an insistence worthy of a better cause, the Swiss placed the card in Beatrice's hand.

It was a clean card, printed in red and gold, and opposite No. 74 was a pencilled note. The girl's eyes gleamed as she saw the writing. The words were few but significant. "In the little conservatory beyond the drawing-room, soon as possible."

"I shall have to complain about that fellow," Berrington said. "Miss Beatrice, are you not well?"

"I am quite well, quite strong and well," Beatrice whispered. "I implore you not to attract any attention to me. And the waiter was not to blame. He had a message to deliver to me. You can see how cleverly he has done it. Look here!"

Beatrice displayed the card with the penciled words upon it. Berrington's quick intelligence took everything in at a glance.

"Of course that is intended for you," he said. "A neat handwriting. And yet in some way it seems quite familiar to me. Could I possibly have seen it anywhere before?"

"I should say that it is extremely likely," the girl said. "It is Mark Ventmore's own handwriting."

Berrington smiled. He had all a soldier's love of adventure, and he began to see a very pretty one here.

"I wrote to him a little over a week ago," Beatrice said rapidly. "If he had got my letter then and come, goodness knows what would have happened. I was not quite aware at that hour how close was the shadow of disgrace. I expect Mark has found out everything. Probably he has only just arrived and feels that if he does not see me tonight it will be too late. Colonel Berrington, I must see Mark at once, oh, I must."

Nothing could be easier. Beatrice had merely to say that she was suffering with a dreadful headache, that the atmosphere of the room was insupportable, and that she was going to try the purer air of the conservatory beyond the dining room.

"No, you need not come," Beatrice said as Richford lounged heavily to his feet. "I do not feel the least in the mood to talk to anybody, not even you."

The listener's sullen features flushed and he clenched his hands. Beatrice had never taken the slightest trouble to disguise her dislike for the man she had promised to marry. In his heart of hearts he had made up his mind that she should suffer presently for all the indignities that she had heaped upon his head.

"All right," he said. "I'll come into the drawing room and wait for you. Keep you from being interrupted, in fact. I know what women's headaches mean."

There was no mistaking the cowardly insinuation, but Berrington said nothing. Richford could not possibly have seen the signal, and yet he implied an assignation if his words meant anything at all. It was a cruel disappointment, but the girl's face said nothing of her emotions. She passed quietly along till she came to the little conservatory where presently she was followed by the Swiss waiter, who had given her the card with Mark Ventmore's message upon it.

"Madame is not well," he said. "Madame has the dreadful headache. Can I get anything for Madame? A glass of water, an ice, a cup of coffee, or——"

Beatrice was on the point of declining everything, when she caught the eye of the speaker. Apparently there was some hidden meaning behind his words, for she changed her mind.

"No coffee," she said in a voice that was meant for the lounger in the drawing room, "but I shall be very glad if you will let me have a cup of tea, strong tea, without milk or sugar."

The waiter bowed and retired. Beatrice sat there with her head back as if utterly worn out, though her heart was beating thick and fast. She looked up again presently as a waiter entered, leaving the necessary things on a tray. It was not the same waiter, but a taller, fairer man who bowed as he held out the silver salver.

"The tea, Madame," he said. "May I be allowed to pour it out for you? Steady!"

The last word was no more than a whisper. Beatrice checked the cry that came to her lips.

"Mark," she murmured. "Mark, dear Mark, is it really you?"

The tall waiter smiled as he laid a hand on the girl's trembling fingers.

"Indeed it is, darling," he said. "For God's sake don't say I have come too late!"

(To Be Continued.)

BEAVERS' USEFUL WORK.

Saved Canadian Government $2,000 on Trent Canal.

Toronto Globe.

The industry and skill of a colony of beavers has this year saved the dominion government $2,000 or more in work on the Trent canal.

Superintendent J. M. McClelland, of the Trent canal, told the remarkable happening. The government, he said, placed a dam across Gull river last autumn for the purpose of raising and conserving the water in Little Mud lake. On its completion it was found, however, that the water of the lake backed up and began running in the wrong direction. As a consequence it was decided to build a second dam at the northern outlet this season. This spring, however, it was found that a dam 500 feet long and seven feet deep had been constructed by beavers during the frozen winter months. There was not a leak discernible, and no likelihood of future leaks, at least four years to come.

Mr. McClelland ordered another stop to be placed upon the first dam to raise the water an additional foot, and send it flowing northward over the beavers' construction. Instantly the ambitious little animals set work and added another foot to the dam.

NATURAL SKEPTICISM.

"Judge Ramsbottom," remarked Professor Twiggs, during a recent session of the Soc Et Tu Um club, "confidently predicts the triumphant election of William Jennings Bryan, and—Old Codger, 'I should prob'ly throw up my hat and give vent to at least two and a half cheers, if it wasn't for the realization that Judge Ramsbottom don't know any more about it than I do, and, incidentally, the recollection that every time I dun him for it he confidently predicts that he will, on or about the first of the next week, if he lives pay me the ten dollars he borrowed from me to pay an election bet which he lost the last time he confidently predicted the triumphant election of William Jennin's Bryan."

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XVII.

"Ernestine," he said gravely, "I am going to speak to you about your father!"

She looked up at him with swift surprise.

"Is it necessary?"

"I think so," he answered. "You won't like what I'm going to tell you! You'll think you've been badly treated. So you have! I pledged my word, in a weak hour, with the others. Today I'm going to break it. I think it best."

"Well?"

"You've been deceived! You were told always that your father had died in prison. He didn't."

"What!"

Her sharp cry ran out strangely into the little room. Already he could see signs of the coming storm, and the task which lay before him seemed more hateful than ever.

"Listen," he said. "I must tell you some things which you know in order to explain others which you do not know. Your father was a younger son born of extravagant parents, virtually penniless and without the least capacity for earning money. I don't blame him—who could? I couldn't earn money myself. If I hadn't got it daresay that I should go to the bad as he did."

The girl's lips tightened, and she drew a little breath through her teeth. Davenant hesitated.

"You know all about that company affair. Of course they made your father the butt of the whole thing, although he was little more than a tool. He was sent to prison for seven years. You were only a child then and your mother was dead. Well, when the seven years were up, your relations and mine too, Ernestine, concocted what I have always considered an ill-begotten and miserably selfish plot. Your father, unfortunately, yielded to them, for your sake. You were told that he had died in prison. He did not. He lived through his seven years there, and when he came out did so in another name and went abroad on the morning of the day of his liberation."

"Good God!" she cried. "And now!"

"He is dead," Davenant answered hastily, "but only just lately. Wait a minute. You are going to be furiously angry. I know it, and I don't blame you. Only listen for a moment. The scheme was hatched up between my father and your two uncles. I have always hated it and always protested against it. Remember that and be fair to me. This is how they reasoned. Your father's health, they said, was ruined, and if he lives the seven years what is there left for him when he comes out? He was a man, as you know, of aristocratic and fastidious tastes. He would have the best of everything—society, clubs, sport. Now all these were barred against him. If he had reappeared he could not have shown his face in Pall Mall, or on the racecourse, and every moment of his life would be full of humiliations and bitterness. Virtually, then, for such a man as he was, life in England was over. Then there was you. You were a pretty child and the earl had no children. If your father was dead the story would be forgotten, you would marry brilliantly and an ugly page in the family history would be blotted out. That was how they looked at it—it was how they put it to your father."

"He consented?"

"Yes, he consented! He saw the wisdom of it for your sake, for the sake of the family, even for his own sake. The earl settled an income upon him and he left England secretly on the morning of his release. We had the news of his death only a week or two ago."

She stood up, her eyes blazing, her hands clenched together.

"I thank God," she said, "that I have found the courage to break away from those people and take a little of my life into my own hands. You can tell them this if you will, Cecil—my uncle Lord Davenant, your mother, and whoever had a say in this miserable affair. Tell them from me that I know the truth and that they are a pack of cowardly, unnatural old women. Tell them that so long as I live I will never willingly speak to one of them again."

"I was afraid you'd take it like that," he remarked dolefully.

"Take it like that!" she repeated in fierce scorn. "How else could a woman hear such news? How else do you suppose she could feel to be told that she had been hoodwinked, and kept from her duty and a man's heart very likely broken, to save the respectability of a wornout old family? Oh, how could they have dared to do it? How could they have dared to do it?"

"It was a beastly mistake," he admitted.

A whirlwind of scorn seemed to sweep over her. She could keep still no longer. She walked up and down the little room. Her hands were clenched, her eyes flashing.

"To tell me that he was dead—to let him live out the rest of his poor life in exile and alone! Did they think that I didn't care? Cecil," she exclaimed, suddenly turning and facing him, "I always loved my father! You may think that I was too young to remember him—I wasn't, I loved him always. When I grew up and they told me of his disgrace I was bitterly sorry, for I loved his memory—but it made no difference. And all the time it was a weak, silly lie! They let him come out, poor father, without a friend to speak to him, and they hustled him out of the country. And I, whose place was there with him, never knew!"

"You were only a child, Ernestine. It was twelve years ago."

"Child! I may have been only a child, but I should have been old enough to know where my place was. Thank God I have done with these people and their disgusting sibboleth of respectability."

"You are a little violent," he remarked.

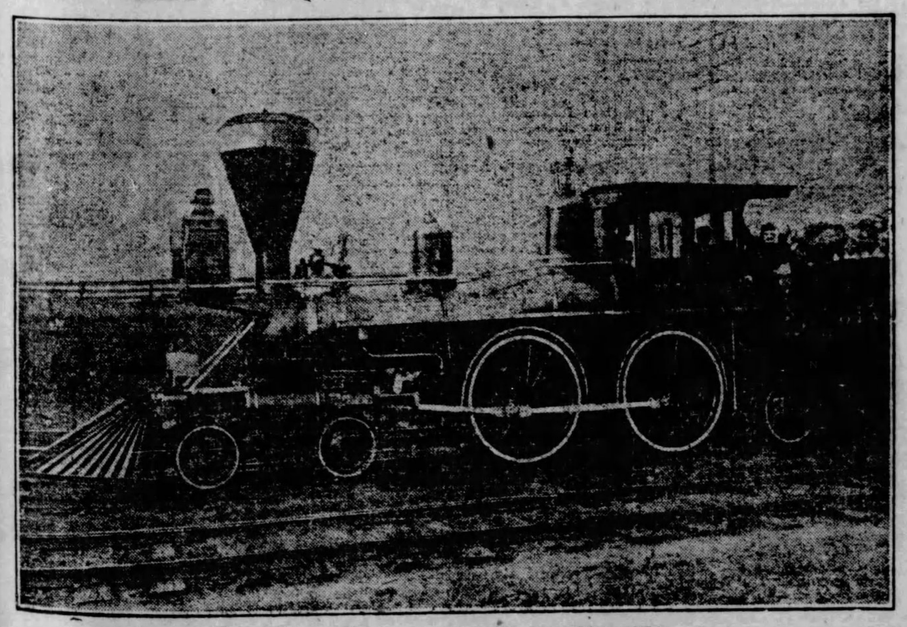
"Pshaw!" She flashed a look of scorn upon him. "You don't understand! How should you, you are of their kidney—you're only half a man. Thank God that my mother was of the people! I'd have died to have gone smirking through life with a brick for a heart and milk and water in my veins! Of all the stupid pieces of brutality I ever heard of, this is the most callous and the most heartbreaking."

"It was a great mistake," he said, "but I believe they did it for the best."

She sat down with a little gesture of despair.

"I really think you'd better go away, Cecil," she said. "You exasperate me too horribly. I shall strike you or

OLD "CROOKS" PUFFED AGAIN



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE EVER USED IN MINNESOTA.

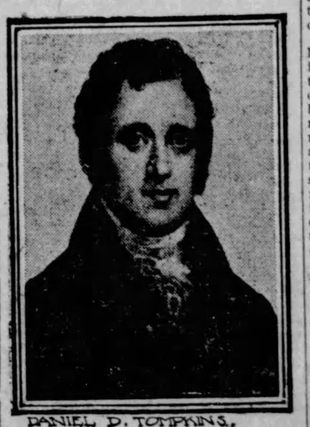
Surrounded by seventy men who have been his lifelong employes, James J. Hill, of St. Paul, the great railway king, celebrated his seventieth birthday recently by enjoying a unique railway excursion in the northwest. His special train was attached to the old wood-burning "William Crooks," the first locomotive ever used in Minnesota, and at the throttle was Albion H. Smith, the oldest engineer on the Great Northern lines, who has been in Mr. Hill's service since 1868. The quaint, old-fashioned engine was fired by a white-haired veteran, John H. Lynch, who, since 1869, has been continuously in Mr. Hill's employ. With but a very few exceptions, the guests aboard the train were all of them men who had been for at least twenty-eight years continuously in the Hill employ.

"It was the happiest afternoon and evening I ever spent in my life," said Mr. Hill afterwards. "It was a rare treat to meet with these men again, for there was not a one who did not seem almost like one of my family, so long have they worked with me."

The special pulled out of the St. Paul union station, directly in front of the Hill headquarters, at 4 in the afternoon and trailing sparks from the funnel-shaped stack of the old "Crooks," steamed noisily away to the Lafayette club at Lake Minnetonka, where in the evening the veteran railway builder sat at the head of the table with Mrs. Hill, who was the only woman present, and with his old-time employes enjoyed an excellent banquet followed by an informal series of addresses during which many of the old men on the Hill lines spoke.

The locomotive which pulled the special was brought up the Mississippi to St. Paul from Keokuk in 1862, and was unloaded from a river steamer and placed in service on the first division of the St. Paul & Pacific, now the Great Northern. The old engine has seen service since on almost every division of the Great Northern and was long since retired. It was recently brought out from the yards of the huge Great Northern shops in St. Paul, cleaned and repaired and made ready for what will probably be its final run. James J. Hill remembered the old relic well and with a smile, examined it thoroughly with his old friends, as he told them stories of his early experiences.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

Describing Daniel D. Tompkins, the war governor of New York during the second war with England, Dr. Hopper Striker Mott writes:

"He was a native of Scarsdale, where he was born in 1774. He served as governor from 1807 to 1817, and during the war was in command of the Third United States military district, in which capacity he was untiring in his exertions for the public good.

"On May 2, 1814, the first stone in the construction of Fort Tompkins, at the Narrows, was laid, and another fort bearing his name was located at Sackett's Harbor. His name is further commemorated and

When He Courted You

He didn't complain if you were a little despondent or irritable at times. Now he does. He's the same man. He didn't understand then. He doesn't now. Then he thought it was caprice and liked it. Now he thinks it is caprice and doesn't like it. But now he's busy getting money.

If he realized the full truth he would be more than anxious to have the wife he loves take the right remedy to restore her to true womanly health. Most men don't know that when a woman is weak, nervous, irritable and despondent, there is invariably something radically wrong with the delicate feminine organs with which her entire physique is in sensitive sympathy.

There is one, and just one remedy, tried and proven, that will put things right when the feminine organism is weak or diseased. It is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This medicine restores perfect health to the weakened organs, and makes them strong.

It makes wifehood happy, and motherhood easy. It makes child-birth short and almost painless. It helps to make real "new women." An honest druggist won't urge upon you a substitute.

This "Favorite Prescription" is a pure glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and contains no alcohol, injurious or habit-forming drugs. A full list of its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper and attested as full and correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy.

throw something at you soon. Did it for the best! What a miserable whine! Poor, dear old dad, to think that they should have done this thing!"

She buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed for the second time since her childhood. Davenant was wise enough to attempt no sort of consolation. He leaned a little forward and hid his own face with the palm of his hand. When at last she looked up her face had cleared and her tone was less bitter. It would have gone very hard with the Earl of Eastchester, however, if he had called to see his niece just then.

"Well," she said, "I want to know now why, after keeping silent all this time, you thought it best to tell me the truth this afternoon?"

"Because," he answered, "you told me that you had just been to see Scarlett Trent!"

"And what on earth had that to do with it?"

"Because Scarlett Trent was with your father when he died. They were on an excursion somewhere up in the bush—the very excursion that laid the foundation of Trent's fortune."

"Go on," she cried. "Tell me all that you know! This is wonderful!"

"Well, I am glad to tell you this at any rate," he said. "I always liked your father and I saw him off when he left England, and have written to him often since. I believe I was his only correspondent in this country, except his solicitors. He had a very adventurous and, I am afraid, not a very happy time. He never wrote cheerfully, and he mortgaged the greater part of his income. I don't blame him for anything he did. A man needs some responsibility, or someone dependent upon him to keep straight. To be frank with you, I don't think he did."

"Poor dad," she murmured, "of course he didn't! I know I'd have gone to the devil as fast as I could if I'd been treated like it!"

"Well, he drifted about from place to place and at last he got to the Gold Coast. Here I half lost sight of him, and his few letters were more bitter and despairing than ever. The last I had told me that he was just off on an expedition into the interior with another Englishman. They were to visit a native king and try to obtain from him certain concessions, including the right to work a wonderful gold mine somewhere near the village of Bekwando."

"Why, the great Bekwando Land company!" she cried. "It is the one Scarlett Trent has just formed a syndicate to work."

Davenant nodded.

"Yes. It was a terrible risk they were running," he said, "for the people were savage and the climate deadly. He wrote cheerfully for him, though. He had a partner, he said, who was strong and determined, and they had presents, to get which he had mortgaged the last penny of his income. It was a desperate enterprise perhaps, but it suited him, and he went on to tell me this, Ernestine. If he succeeded and he became wealthy, he was returning to England just for a sight of you. He was so changed, he said, that no one in the world would recognize him. Poor fellow! It was the last line I had from him."

"And you are sure," Ernestine said slowly, "that Scarlett Trent was his partner?"

"Absolutely. Trent's own story clinches the matter. The prospectus of the mine quotes the concession as having been granted to him by the king of Bekwando in the same month as your father wrote to me."

"And what news," she asked, "have you had since?"

"Only this letter—I will read it to you—from one of the missionaries of the Basle society. I heard nothing for so long that I made inquiries, and this is the result."

Ernestine took it and read it out steadily.

"Fortnrenig.

"Dear Sir—In reply to your letter and inquiry, respecting the whereabouts of a Mr. Richard Grey, the matter was placed in my hands by the agent of Messrs. Castle, and I have personally visited Buckomari, the village at which he was last heard of. It seems that in February, 18— he started on an expedition to Bekwando in the interior with an Englishman by the name of Trent, with a view to buying land from a native king, or obtaining the concession to work the valuable gold mines of that country. The expedition seems to have been successful, but Trent returned alone and reported that his companion had been attacked by bush fever on the way back and had died in a few hours.

"I regret very much having to send you such sad and scanty news in return for your handsome donation to our funds. I have made every inquiry, but cannot trace any personal effects or letter. Mr. Grey, I find, was known out here altogether by the nickname of Monty.

"I deeply regret the pain which this letter will doubtless cause you, and trusting that you may seek and receive consolation where alone it may be found, "I am

"Yours most sincerely,

"CHAS. ADDISON."

Ernestine read the letter carefully through, and instead of handing it back to Davenant, put it into her pocket when she rose up. "Cecil," she said, "I want you to leave me at once! You may come back tomorrow at the same time. I am going to think this out quietly."

He took up his hat. "There is one thing more, Ernestine," he said slowly. "Enclosed in the letter from the missionary at Attra was another and a shorter note, which, in accordance with his request, I burnt as soon as I read it. I believe the man was honest when he told me that for hours he had hesitated whether to send me those few lines or not. Eventually he decided to do so, but he appealed to my honor to destroy the note as soon as I had read it."

"Well!"

"He thought it his duty to let me know that there had been rumors as to how your father met his death. Trent, it seems, had the reputation of being a reckless and daring man, and, according to some agreement which they had, he profited enormously by your father's death. There seems to have been no really definite ground for the rumor except that the body was not found where Trent said that he had died. Apart from that, life is held cheap out there, and although your father was in delicate health, his death under such conditions could not fail to be suspicious. I hope I haven't said too much. I've tried to put it to you exactly as it was put to me!"

"Thank you," Ernestine said, "I think I understand."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dinner at the Lodge that night was not a very lively affair. Trent had great matters in his brain and was not in the least disposed to make conversation for the sake of his unbidden guests. Da Souza's few remarks he treated with silent contempt, and Mrs. Da Souza he answered only in monosyllables. Julie, nervous and depressed, stole away before dessert, and Mrs. Da Souza soon followed her, very massive, and frowning with an air of offended dignity. Da Souza, who opened the door for them, returned to his seat, moodily flicking the crumbs from his trousers with his serviette.

"Hang it all, Trent," he remarked in an aggrieved tone, "you might be a bit more amiable! Nice lively dinner for the women I must say."

"One isn't usually amiable to guests who stay when they're not asked," Trent answered gruffly. "However, if I hadn't much to say to your wife and daughter, I have a word or two to say to you, so fill up your glass and listen."

Da Souza obeyed, but without heartiness. He stretched himself out in his chair and looked down thoughtfully at the large expanse of shirt front, in the centre of which flashed an enormous diamond.

"I've been into the city today, as you know," Trent continued, "and I found, as I expected, that you have been making efforts to dispose of your share in the Bekwando syndicate."

"I can assure you——"

"Oh, rot!" Trent interrupted. "I know what I'm talking about. I won't have you sell out. Do you hear? If you try it on I'll queer the market for you at any risk. I won't marry your daughter, I won't be blackmailed, and I won't be bullied. We're in this together, sink or swim. If you pull me down you've got to come, too. I'll admit that if Monty were to present himself in London tomorrow and demand his full pound of flesh we should be ruined, but he isn't going to do it. By your own showing there is no immediate risk, and you've got to leave the thing in my hands to do what I think best. If you play any hanky-panky tricks—look here, Da Souza, I'll kill you, sure! Do you hear? I could do it, and no one would be the wiser so far as I was concerned. You take notice of what I say, Da Souza. You're made a fortune, and be satisfied. That's all!"

"You won't marry Julie, then?" Da Souza said, gloomily.

"No, I'm shot if I will!" Trent answered. "And look here, Da Souza, I'm leaving here for town tomorrow—taken a furnished flat in Dover street—you can stay here if you want, but there'll only be a caretaker in the place. That's all I've got to say. Make yourself at home with the port and cigars. Last night, you know! You'll excuse me! I want a breath of fresh air."

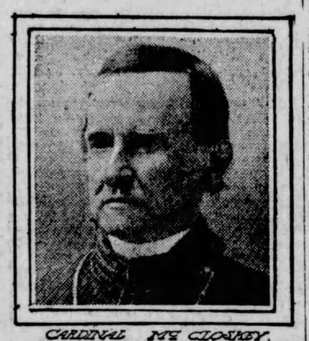
Trent strolled through the open window into the garden, and breathed a deep sigh of relief. He was a free man again now. He had created new dangers—a new enemy to be faced—but what did he care? All his life had been spent in facing dangers and conquering enemies. What he had done before he could do again! As he lit a pipe and walked to and fro, he felt that this new state of things lent a certain savor to life—took from it a certain sensation of finality not altogether agreeable, which his recent great achievements in the financial world seemed to have inspired. After all, what could Da Souza do? His prosperity was altogether bound up in the success of the Bekwando syndicate—he was never the man to kill the goose which was laying such a magnificent stock of golden eggs. The affairs, so far as he was concerned, troubled him scarcely at all on cool reflection. As he drew near the little plantation he even forgot all about it. Something else was filling his thoughts!

The change in him became physical as well as mental. The hard face of the man softened, what there was of coarseness in its rugged outline became altogether toned down. He pushed open the gate with fingers which were almost reverent; he came at last to a halt in the exact spot where he had seen her first. Perhaps it was at that moment he realized most completely and clearly the curious thing which had come to him—to him of all men, hard-hearted, material, an utter stranger in the world of feminine things. With a pleasant sense of self-abandonment he grouped about, searching for its meaning. He was a man who liked to understand thoroughly everything he saw and felt, and this new atmosphere in which he found himself was a curious source of excitement to him. Only he knew that the central figure of it all was this girl, that he had come out here to think about her, and that henceforth she had become to him the standard of those things which were worth having in life. Everything about her had been a revelation to him. The women whom he had come across in his battle upwards, barmaids and their fellows, fifth-rate actresses, occasionally the suburban wife of a prosperous city man, had impressed him only with a sort of coarse contempt. It was marvellous how thoroughly and clearly he had recognized Ernestine at once as a type of that other world of womenkind, of which he admittedly knew nothing. Yet it was so short a time since she had wandered into his life, so short a time that he was even a little uneasy at the wonderful strength of this new passion, a thing which had leaped up like a forest tree in a world of magic, a live, fully-grown thing, mighty and immovable in a single night. He found himself thinking of all the other things in life from a changed standpoint. His sense of proportions was altered, his financial triumphs were no longer omnipotent. He was inclined even to brush them aside, to consider them more as an incident in his career. He associated her now with all those plans concerning the future which he had been dimly formulating since the climax of his successes had come. She was of the world which he sought to enter—at once the stimulus and the object of his desires. He forgot about Da Souza and his threats, about the broken-down, half-witted old man who was gazing with wistful eyes across the ocean which kept him there, an exile—he remembered nothing save the wonderful, new thing which had come into his life. A month ago he would have scoffed at the idea of there being anything worth considering outside the courts and alleys of the money-changers' market. Tonight he knew of other things. Tonight he knew that all he had done so far was as nothing—that as yet his foot was planted only on the threshold of life, and in the path along which he must hew his way lay many fresh worlds to conquer. Tonight he told himself that he was equal to them all. There was something out here in the dim moonlight, something suggested by the shadows, the rose-perfumed air, the delicate and languid stillness, which crept into his veins and coursed through his blood like magic.

* * * * *

Yet every now and then the same thought came; it lay like a small but threatening black shadow across all those brilliant hopes and dreams which were filling his brain. So far he had played the game of life as a hard man, perhaps, and a selfish one, but always honestly. Now, for the first time, he had stepped aside from the beaten track. He told himself that he was not bound to believe Da Souza's story, that he had left Monty with the honest conviction that he was past all human help. Yet he knew that such consolation was the merest sophistry. Through the twilight, as he passed to and fro, he fancied more than once that the wan face of an old man, with wistful, sorrowing eyes, was floating somewhere before him—and he stopped to listen with bated breath to the wind rustling in the elm trees, fancying he could hear that same passionate cry ringing still in his ears—the cry of an old man parted from his kin and waiting for death in a lonely land.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY



CARDINAL MC CLOSKEY.

In 1864, upon the death of Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McCloskey succeeded to the archbishopric and was installed on August 21 of that year.

On March 15, 1879, he was made cardinal, the first American prelate to be honored in this way.

It has been said of him: "He was never hasty or imprudent in his public life, but ever silent, persevering, gracious, winning, and finally triumphant. He had the bearing of a prince, was a ripe scholar and a bold and devoted churchman."

INDEMNITY FOR LOST MAIL

Payment for Registered Losses to Be Made Sooner.

Washington Star.

Payment of the indemnity provided for the loss of registered mail while in the custody of the postal service will not be so long deferred as formerly under a modification of the regulations by the postmaster general recently promulgated by the city postmaster.

Heretofore losses of registered mail were reported to the chief postoffice inspector, who sent them to inspectors in charge of divisions, by whom they were in turn referred to investigating inspectors, whose reports usually determined whether or not indemnity should be paid.

Under the modified regulations the third assistant postmaster general shall, when in his judgment the facts warrant it, immediately certify the indemnity for payment. Provision is also made for the collection of the loss from the postal employe or contractor responsible, thirty days for an appeal is given such employe or contractor responsible, and employe or contractor. If collection cannot be made in this way, the facts, together with that of the certification of indemnity for payment, are to be reported to the second assistant postmaster general, who may assess a fine against the contractor or postal clerk at fault, or take such disciplinary measures as he deems proper.

If, however, the chief inspector determines that further proceedings shall be had, he shall submit the facts to the assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, with request for advice as to whether or not suit shall be brought to recover the amount claimed against the party held responsible or his bondsmen, and further action is to be taken accordingly.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His teatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please tell me how to can celery and how to use the waste?—M., Olympia, Wash.

Will you ask through the Farmstead columns how to make vinegar out of sorghum molasses? Would like to have all the details.—M., Milton, Ia.

I want to ask about ginseng? Can it be grown where the seasons are short as is the case here in the Black Hills, on rich muck ground? How long to grow a crop, and from seed or plants? Would like to know all about it.—P., Custer, S. Dak.

Will you please ask for information in regard to making lime out of oyster shells?—H., Olympia, Wash.

SQUASHES AND PUMPKINS

Winter squashes and pumpkins should be stored before the advent of freezing weather, which in some localities occurs late this month. While a light frost will not hurt these things, their keeping qualities are seriously impaired by freezing. They should be stored in a dry and comparatively warm place.

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET.

Mrs. H., White Hall, Va.: To keep sweet butter that is packed for winter follow this method: You must have sweet butter to begin with, well worked and made into small rolls. Better still use pound printed salted the same as for immediate use. Make a brine as strong as possible with cold hard water and clean barrel salt. Don't be afraid of getting it too salty and spoiling the butter. Place in some earthen jar or churn. Whenever you get a roll put it in the brine and be sure the brine covers the butter; no need of making new brine so long as you have enough to cover. Keep the butter well weighted. We have kept butter until late in the spring, and when taken out it would be as sweet as when put away. To be sanitary strain the brine and wrap each roll in a clean linen cloth.—M., Milton, Ia.

RENOVATION OF BUTTER.

Very little is said these days about oleomargarine, although renovated or process butter is greatly in evidence. The process butter is good, bad and indifferent, and is often called sterilized butter. Miscellaneous kinds of country butter made by farmers far from the creameries constitute the better grades. These are sold to the country merchants or exchanged for merchdise, and are then sold to the agent of the renovators.

When the renovator has assembled his stock he first melts the butter and settles the curd and brine, skimming off the froth and scum. Then he draws off and discards the curd and the brine and follows this with a most ingenious method of removing any bad odors. He blows air through the melted fat.

Having thoroughly aired it he mixes with the fat while it is still melted and rapidly cools and granulates it by running it into ice water. It is then drained and ripened for several hours, salted and worked to remove any superfluous milk, and finally packed or made into prints.

It is admitted that when this course of treatment is applied to comparatively fresh raw material, butter of low grades is decidedly improved. But when the renovated article is sold as the genuine, or original thing, harm is done, for they are not at all the same in their composition. The fats are much the same, but the nitrogenous elements are not.

There is a very simple test by which any housekeeper can be reasonably certain whether she has real butter, the renovated article or oleomargarine. Put a sample of the doubtful butter about the size of a small chestnut into an ordinary tablespoon. Hold this over a flame of gas, gasoline or alcohol, stirring the butter with a splinter of wood or a match as it melts. Bring to as brisk a boil as possible, and after this has begun stir thoroughly two or three times at intervals, especially just before the boiling ceases. Oleomargarine and renovated butter boil noisily, with a good deal of spluttering. Genuine butter usually boils with less noise and produces an abundance of foam. It is the difference in regard to the foam that is most marked.

WHITEWASH THE HENHOUSE.

Every poultryman should give the henhouse a periodical coat of limewash and the oftener he does it the better. The matter is a very simple one. If the house is small, all you may want is a limewash brush and a bucket of water into which a few handfuls of quicklime have been put; well stirred together and allowed to settle. The stuff when put on should be about as thick as cream. A handful of common rough salt will help it to adhere to the walls, a spoonful or two of liquid carbolic acid will help it to do its murderous work on animal life, and a little bit of powder blue (washing blue) will prevent the white coat turning yellow by and by.

If the henhouse is a large one it will pay to use a sprayer for putting on the limewash. This is a most effective way of whitewashing any building.

PROFITABLE VEGETABLES.

Dr. Van Fleet, in Rural New Yorker, gives the following selection of money-raising vegetables as given by successful truckers of Monmouth county, New Jersey:

Peas, Nott's Excelsior, Gradus; pepper, Ruby King; parsley, Moss Curled; parsnip, Hollow Horn; radish, Scarlet Globe, French Breakfast; spinach, Viroflay; squash, Summer Crookneck, Early White Scalloped Bush; tomato, Stone, Paragon; turnip, Early White Snowball; rutabaga, Long Island Improved; asparagus, Palmetto, Argenteuil; beans, string, Refugee; Wax, Wardwell's Kidney, Lima, Large White, Jersey Pole, Burpee's Bush; beets, Crosby's Egyptian, Eclipse; cauliflower, Early Snowball; cabbage, Early Jersey Wakefield, Succession, Late Flat Dutch; carrot, Chautenay; celery, Golden Self-Blanching; corn, Sweet, Early, Sweet, Evergreen, Country Gentleman; cucumber, Improved White Spine; eggplant, Improved New York Spineless; kohlrabi, Early White Vienna; leek, Large Flag; lettuce, May King, Salamander; muskmelon, Early Hackensack; watermelon, Sweetheart; onion, Large White Globe; okra, Improved Long Green.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.

If sweet potatoes are well matured, dry and carefully handled when they are put away there need be little trouble in keeping them through the winter, but a failure in any one of those three items is sure to cause a heavy loss.

To be sure, they are ripened well, we like to let them stay in the ground as long as possible. Early frosts are almost sure to be light, so we are willing to risk that, but, of course, we want to dig before there is danger of heavy frost. We are always careful to dig when the weather is dry, as we have never been able to keep potatoes which were put away while wet. We prefer to risk a rather sharp frost than to dig when the ground is so damp the potatoes will not come out clean. We prefer to dig in the forenoon and let the potatoes lie in the sun until afternoon so they will be thoroughly dry before they are picked up. In gathering the crop we use boxes holding about one bushel each. If one will watch for them it is usually possible to get old soap boxes and others of similar size, and three auger holes in each end give a good hold by which they may be handled easily. Sweet potatoes must be handled very carefully if they are to keep well, and every little bruise will make a black spot, even if it does not start decay. By using boxes as large as can be lifted conveniently they do not have to be handled after they are picked up and will keep much better than when gathered in sacks which give them no protection. The boxes are filled level full so they can be stacked in the wagon and in the pit, and so the potatoes are not disturbed until they are wanted for use.

In putting the potatoes away for the winter we select a place where the ground is thoroughly drained, smooth off a place about six feet wide and as long as may be needed, and then stack the boxes in a conical rick four to five feet high. We then cover the rick with three to six inches of straw, leaves or any other light material, with only enough dirt to hold the covering in place, being careful to arrange the covering so it will shed rain as much as possible. Then entie rick need not be completed at once, but may be made longer as the digging progresses. We like to stand with this light covering until there is danger of freezing, when we cover it with four to six inches of dirt, being careful to make the surface smooth, so it will shed the rain, and then we know the potatoes will keep well until late in the spring. Putting them in boxes prevents them from heating as they do when stored away in bulk, the light covering put on at first permits them to become thoroughly dry, and the heavier covering put on later protects them from cold, and whatever are wanted can be taken from the rick at any time without disturbing the others.

Those who have never tried this method will likely think it very troublesome and expensive, but we have not found it so. If one will watch for them during the year it is easy to secure a good supply of boxes, and of course the same boxes can be used several years, so that only a few new ones will be needed each season. The boxes are so easily handled that the crop can be hauled and put away much more quickly than when it is handled loose, and this saving of time and work more than makes up for the trouble of getting the boxes. We know there are many other methods which are preferred by others and which are equally successful, but this method suits us, it has never failed with us and we expect to use it this season.—St. Louis Star.

TREE BORERS.

For tree borers, take an oil can filled with bisulphide of carbon and inject a little in each hole and stop up with putty or wax.

LUMP JAW.

The following is the standard treatment for lump jaw on cattle: If there be an opening in the tumor or swelling, inject into the opening about one teaspoonful of tincture of iodine daily. If there is no opening, rub the tincture on the skin daily, or it may be injected with a hypodermic syringe. Continue the treatment until it is evident that the growth of the tumor has stopped.

If willing to give up the use of the cow as a milker until she is cured, you may also, in addition to the treatment above prescribed, give her one and a half to two and a half teaspoonfuls of iodide of potassium divided into two doses, one in the morning and one at night, to be given in a pint of warm water. Continue this for two weeks or until signs of iodism appear, such as a scurfy skin, weeping at the eyes and dribbling from the nose and mouth. Then discontinue for a week or ten days and commence again if necessary.

The iodide of potassium will render the milk unfit for use. Continue to milk her regularly, however, and throw the milk away, as she may be cured in a few weeks, and then her milk will be all right. The disease itself does not render the milk unfit for use unless the cow is in the last stages, where the general health of the cow will be impaired.

SHEEP NOTES.

It wasn't very long ago that sheep were the least appreciated of farm animals. No one wanted sheep; they were considered risky investments; but today farmers are buying up all they can get and appropriating good land for their use. There has been a growing demand for lamb ever since the packing houses put it in the market. The reason is that so-called woolly taste in poorly dressed animals disgusted people, but this has been overcome largely by the packers.

A good way to fatten lambs, and a way that is in common practice throughout the country, is to sow rape in corn and then turn in the lambs and allow them to eat rape and corn both.

The sheep shortage is not confined to the United States. Thirty years ago the sheep population of the United States was said to equal that of human beings. They would not equal half that now. The shortage is likely to last for several years.

Besides the value of raising sheep from an industrial standpoint is the treat of having fresh lamb and mutton whenever wanted.

Sheep are the only kind of live stock on the farm that can be depended upon to make a clean sweep of any kind of weed.

ILLINOIS THEN AND NOW.

Atlantic Monthly.

Treeless distances were broken only by rare bits of "timber," or by hedges of the melancholy osage orange, planted as breaks against the frightful winds. Roads that were impassable for a third of the year, mountainous with ruts for another third and whirling dust-breeders during the remainder, sprawled untidily in miscellaneous directions. There were no bridges to speak of; but there were fearful mud-fords called "slews," into which one plunged at a terrifying angle from the hither brink, through which the natives urged the horses or oxen by merciless beatings and incredible oaths.

Such was "the fever-stricken, mortgage-ridden, poverty-blasted Illinois of the '80s. Now Illinois drips fatness. Its black, oozy soil, which eagerly devours one's shoes; its corn that, refined by selective processes, almost exudes oil; its hogs that can scarcely see through the deep folds of their unctuous envelope; its beefsteaks, pork chops and cornecakes, glistening from the ceaseless sizzling of the frying pan—all are fat with a fatness almost indecent to the spare New Englander.

How He Came.

When I was a lad I wasn't so bad
But what I could have been worse;
But if I'd been good the dear public would
Just now be deprived of this verse.

You savvy by this—good children we miss—
They all kick the bucket, I'm told;
But I as a kid did just as I did
Because I desired to grow old.

I couldn't just see what 'good 'twas to me
To turn up my toes to the sod;
So I did, it is true, what most all bad boys do
If they don't want to hustle to God.

I sassed my dear ma and I cussed dear papa
And I punched sister Jane in the eye;
I made of my teacher a principal feature
In keeping me out of the sky.

I fastened tin pails to the yaller purps' tails
And chased the old rooster about;
I chucked stones at the cat, but I only did that
In order that wings should not sprout.

I made faces at girls and I pulled all their curls
And I boxed baby Sis on the ear,
I did all my lying to keep me from dying—
And that's how I come to be here.

—Judge.

DRESS FOR ENLISTED MEN

Boston Globe.

By the incident at Oyster Bay, when the picked good service men from the Sylph were turned away from a public dancing pavilion, attention has been called anew to the purpose of the navy department, backed hy the President, to urge congress at the next session to enact legislation aiming to protect the uniform of the enlisted men of the American army and navy. It is natural, however, to question the value of a public sentiment favorable to the uniform which has to be covered by law.

The view that enlisted men should be permitted to wear civilian dress when they are not on duty is bound to obtain wider favor. Such a rule would add to the public respect for the uniform, and increase the enlisted man's sense of dignity and responsibility. Nothing would be lost by trusting the enlisted men not to desert and it may be safely predicted that the plan would result not only in fewer desertions, but in more enlistments.

The Most Noble Dairyman.

London Daily News.

Lord Ripon is the only peer who controls a dairy as a public business, and his carts and shops at Ripon and Bradford bear the sign, "The Most Noble the Marquis of Ripon." Kipling has described him as the weakest of all the Indian viceroys, but most people are of opinion that he was one of the most successful.

Low Fares West

$25 for the round trip from Chicago to Lemmon, S. D., Hettinger, Bowman and Marmath, N. D., and Mildred, Mont.

$30 for the round trip from Chicago to Musselshell, Roundup, Lavina, Harlowton, Moore and Lewistown, Mont.

November 13 and 17

Low Fares to many other points.

Tickets good to return any time within 21 days.

A splendid chance to investigate a new and promising territory at small cost.

Books, describing in detail the new country opened and opportunities offered along the **Pacific Coast Extension** of this Railway, are free for the asking.

E. G. HAYDEN, T. P. A.,
426 Superior Ave., N. W., Cleveland.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

A KING'S SON AND SHAME.

Sunday School Lesson for November 8 Is, "David Grieves for Absalom." II. Samuel 18.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The sin of the young makes the sorrow of the old. There is no land or time wherein the cry of King David over his renegade son is not echoing from some parent heart: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Great poems have been written about this tragic incident, of the king at the gate, waiting for tidings from the battle upon which the fate of his kingdom hinged, yet more concerned for his erring boy than for his throne.

Human ties are strongest. All the millions and power that men possess cannot atone for the heartbreak of having sons who are fools and wastrels. One of the greatest merchants of the new world recently died from a broken heart, because his son had died as the fool dieth. There is no interest in all the world so important as the welfare of the boys. That is why the nation is giving redoubled attention to whatever ministers to the country's sons.

Rallying to the Trouble Flag.

This perfumed prince and royal rake of an ancient day had stolen the hearts of the men of Israel, and had set up the standard of revolt at Hebron. From thence he had marched upon Jerusalem, taking his blindly devoted father by surprise, and compelling him to flee for his life, through a Garden of Gethsemane. Utterly crushed, the king would have despaired at this perfidy of his own beloved son. There was no further heart in him to stand or to fight.

There are some kinds of men whose friends prove themselves in time of adversity. David was one such. The rabble went with Absalom, but to David there remained many loyal hearts, upon whom the prince's good looks and polite practices had created no impression but that of indignation and contempt. Some of these had been with David in the hold; little wonder the tough men of the wilderness cared for Absalom's elaborately dressed hair. They were the old guard, who knew how to fight for their leader, and to die for him, but who did not know how to be disloyal.

When a man flies the trouble flag, he learns something about himself, as well as about his friends. For if he has been living a big, brave, strong, unselfish life, adversity will only prove the genuineness and steadfastness of his friends. David had a host of such, who were willing to fight with him to the last ditch.

Sycophants and Friends.

On the other hand, Absalom had an army of sycophants who were willing to make merry with him so long as he paid the piper. They followed Absalom, not for Absalom's good, but for their own profit. They were fair-weather friends, such as the most contemptible weakling can get in any number by a day's lavish spending on Broadway. Thousands of present-day Absaloms think that these are real friends, never having learned that friendship feeds on other food than favors. It needs strength of character, and the ability to get out of one's self, and to live in the lives of others, in order to make friends. Selfish men are friendless men.

Once on shipboard I traveled with a young German returning from South America, who had many curious trophies. The most interesting of these—a rather grisly memento—was the shrunken head of a native. It was the head of a full-grown man, yet no larger than that of a monkey. It seems that the natives in one part of South America decapitate their enemies, and then, by a secret process, in which red-hot stones are said to figure, they remove the bones of the head and shrivel up the flesh and the skin so that the features and contour are preserved, but diminished by five-sixths. Anybody who has seen or handled one of these shriveled heads will not soon forget it. That horrible practice suggests the truth that selfishness shrivels up human nature. Absalom was adorned with a famous poll; but it had been shrunken by the blistering coals of selfishness so that, truly seen, it was but a hideous miniature of the measure of a man.

When Battle Is Joined.

A man's past determines his future; as certain eminent politicians have found whose prospects have lately been blasted by revelations of their true past. When this battle between the rebel son and the royal father was joined, Absalom's antecedents fought against him, whereas David's were like a re-enforcing army. A heartbroken old man was David, but still he was a great general. The training of years could not be shaken off. It was impossible for him not to do the wise and soldierly thing. Moreover, he had with him the veterans of many wars, accustomed to conquest under his banner.

There was a solidarity about the army of David; they were on the king's service, and not seeking their individual ambitions. They insisted that during the battle he should remain in the city, saying, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us." In his hour of bitterness that must have been a sweet assurance to David. Just to feel the nearness of true and loyal hearts is a profound source of comfort. The knowledge that these men loved and trusted him so was a success greater than the possession of a kingdom. So, with new docility, David, who throughout this experience shows as one of the most pathetic figures in history, yielded himself to the counsels of his friends. Only one condition did he impose upon them: "Deal gently for my sake with the young man."

Hanged by His Hair.

To such a battle there could be only one issue. The forces of selfishness and greed and disunion were arrayed against a trained army, animated by one purpose. Twenty thousand of Absalom's host fell before David's men and in flight through the woods. As for Absalom himself, that hair which had been his pride and delight became his undoing. As he rode furiously through the woods on a mule to save his own precious life—taking no thought of rallying or rescuing those who had staked their all upon his specious pretenses—his mad flight was strangely arrested. He was caught by the hair, or by the head, in the low-hanging branches of an oak. The mule sped on from beneath him, and there he "hung between heaven and earth," a rare instance of poetic justice. The source of his pride was the cause of his perishing. There was nobody now to assist him. Courtiers and sycophants were in selfish flight. The lips that had spoken honeyed words of adulation were screaming in terror or still in death. His was an army of self-seekers, each ready to abandon his leader.

In this plight one of David's pursuing soldiers found the pretender. He respected the king's injunction and spared the prince's life, reporting to Joab what he had found. Then followed an illuminating colloquy:

Joab: "And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten pieces of silver and a girdle."

The Soldier: "Though I should receive a thousand pieces of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand to the king's son; for in our hearing the king commanded thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, 'Beware that none touch the young man Absalom.'"

Joab could not answer the loyal soldier, but he took three darts in his hand and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. Joab's motives were doubtless mixed. He had his own ambitions to serve, and, as he was a masterful sort of king-maker, he also thought he knew what was best for David; and he avoided the possibility of later complications by slaying Absalom out of hand.

The King at the Gate.

Meanwhile David was sitting in impatience at the gate of the city, frequently sending the watchman aloft to the wall to look for tidings. The slow-passing hours chafed the impatient father. But at last the watchman cried that he saw a man running, then a second man. The word was quickly carried to the king, who, taking counsel of his hopes, declared that the runner was bringing good tidings. When the first man appeared he had not the heart to tell the king the worst. He saw something in David's face which deterred him from revealing the cruel truth. Then appeared the second messenger, a rough Cushite, crying: "Tidings for my lord the king." Instantly to the royal lips leaped the uppermost query: "Is it well with the young man Absalom?" The heedless Cushite answered that Absalom was dead.

Nothing more did David care to hear. Wearily he dragged himself up to the chamber over the gate, and gave himself up to weeping. As he went the awe-stricken men standing round heard him sobbing: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

THE THIRD GREATEST PRESIDENT

Henry Beach Needham, in Success Magazine.

The point had been reached for the paramount question. "Is Taft the best man available for the presidency," I asked, "or the best man to be found in the country for the job?"

"I sincerely believe that Taft will make our greatest president," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "excepting, of course, our two greatest, Washington and Lincoln."

This prediction, involving, as it did, some determinaiton of the question, In what does greatness consist? the President continued.

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the one man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which as a matter of fact none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the civil war. But most of us can do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do not do.

"Taft invariably does do the ordinary things," he went on, "and he does them exceptionally well. That is why I say he will make one of our greatest presidents."

Vanity.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green, and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand,
Gliding into or out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the sea,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Getting steadily on to the night.

The fisher dropped his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one,
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

—Author unknown.

THE MICHIGAN GRAYLING.

Recreation.

It is a curious fact that the Michigan grayling cannot do well and increase in streams where trout or other fish establish themselves in this country, says John H. Keene. It is the reverse in England, where the thymallus holds himself against the lusty brown trout and is known to drive him away in certain rivers. This reminds us of the contention, by some anglers, that the imported brown trout drives out the native brook trout, something we have never had proved to our satisfaction.

The

Doll's Bamboo Furniture Set FREE

READ THIS FREE OFFER

This beautiful little Doll's Furniture set was made in far Japan, of genuine bamboo, all hand made and finished. The four chairs are made in two styles, as shown above, two with arms and two without arms. The sets are beautifully colored in green and red bamboo cane. The table matches the chairs, square cornered. With this 5-piece Furniture Set you can set Dollie up in housekeeping at once and give house parties and entertain your girl friends just like grown up bodies.

Send in your name and we will send you four big value 25 cent due bills and 4 large size wall pictures in 12 colors with lithographic frames. Sell one due bill and one picture, **both for 25 cents,** and by return mail we will send you this fine Japanese Bamboo 5 piece Furniture Set all charges paid. It is simple work. The first four people you see will accept.

ALSO, and **as soon as you see how easy** it is we will send you, IF YOU DESIRE, 10 more pictures and due bills to also sell at 25c for both, and then you will be entitled to our

BIG BISQUE DOLL AND TEA SET.

Dolly is magnificently dressed in a genuine satin dress, lace trimming, large florodora hat, has complete set of underwear, nice openwork stockings and patent leather shoes. The big blue eyes, which open and shut, the peaches and cream complexion, the little rosebud mouth, make this the handsomest and sweetest doll you could possibly imagine. Nothing could give a girl more delight than this doll, and I want every girl to have one free. Dollie is life size, nearly two feet tall, jointed limbs and opens and closes her eyes—a real live baby.

This handsome 27 piece Tea Set, small enough, and just right for Dolly, consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 plates, 6 teaspoons, teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher. It is beautifully decorated, just like the large expensive china costing many dollars. I also give 6 teaspoons, so that you can give a real tea party and invite your friends to bring their dolls also.

Remember, I will first send you 4 pictures and big value Due bills to sell for **25 cents for both.** Send the $1.00 and the 5 piece Bamboo Furniture Set is yours and will be sent you at once, all charges paid. Then, **after you have tried the work and find it as easy,** as we know you will, we will send you only 10 more pictures and due bills to also sell for 25 cents—then the big Dressed Doll and Tea Set will be **YOURS TOO. You are sure of earning the furniture set**—if it is not as easy as we say return goods at our expense and no harm done. We are sure you will want Dollie and her Tea Set too. Write for the 4 Due Bills and pictures today. Just your name and address will do.

WM. A. WILSON, Mgr.
120-122-124 Clinton St., Dept. 202, CHICAGO

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THIS FREE OFFER

I received 5 piece furniture set today, also the extra premium promised me and I was not expecting such nice presents. I would not take anything for them.
ROXY MILLIGAN, Friendsville, Tenn.

"I am very much pleased with my premiums. Thanking you very much for them and hoping I may do the rest of the work for you, I remain, Yours truly."
MIKE SMITH, Ough, Nebr.

"I am writing you to let you know that I received my Bamboo Furniture Set and extra premium and I like them very, very well and I will also distribute the other pictures for the Doll and Tea Set."
MISS EMMA TOSSIER, Cedarville, Mich.

"I received the Doll, Tea Set, Furniture Set and extra premium, they are grand."
MAUDE SHERIDAN, Leston, Mo.

"I received my presents, and am very well pleased indeed and I think they are exceedingly nice."
ESTA B. KENDIG, Rauheastine, Pa., York Co.

"I received my Furniture Set and also the Doll and Tea Set and extra premium for Mamma and I thank you for them. I am much surprised for you to send such nice things and my Mother sends thanks to you too.
BEDA YIELLBERG, Ashawa, Minn.

"I received my Furniture Set and afterwards the Doll and Tea Set and they are the loveliest things I ever saw and I thank you ever so much."
LINNIE CARNEY, Milton, Oregon.

"I have just received my presents and am delighted. I am a little girl and you may know how glad I was to get them."—BESSIE WOOLFOLK, Greek, Miss.

"I want to tell you how pleased I am with my presents. They were all nice and were much prettier and better than I expected."—MAGGIE COLVIN, Flint, Texas.

"I have now received all of the three presents and I like them well."—MISS AVA LEE MARS, McLean, Tex.

"I want to tell you how well pleased I am with my premiums. They are awfully nice. I have indeed been well repaid for my work. I have shown them to my little friends and they all say they are perfectly fine."
LELA HATTEN, Chatham, Ill., Box 36

27 Piece Tea Set--Extra Premium

Sweater Mill Fails!

15,000 All Wool Sweaters Must Be Sold by Order of the Court.

Tremendous Cut In Prices!

You'll never have another chance to get high-grade wool sweaters at such low prices again. The Court says the stock must be sold at one-half and at actual manufacturer's prices. Send your order today before they are all gone.

No. 270 Man's Sweater — Fine, all-wool. Stripes on collar, wrists and bottom only. Colors —Black with Scarlet stripes; Black with Orange stripes; Navy and Blue with Scarlet stripes. Sizes 34 to 44. Price..... **75c**

No. 290 Handsomely Striped — Well-made in 2 styles. Colors — Gray, Navy Blue or Scarlet, all with narrow white stripe; Black with narrow Scarlet or Orange stripes; Navy Blue with Red stripe on collar and cuff; Scarlet with Black stripes on collar and cuff. Sizes 34 to 44. Price... **95c**

I must obey the Court and sell these Sweaters in the quickest possible time at prices that are bound to sell them—at such prices you better order two or three for each man in the family. Orders will be filled in rotation—first come, first served—so send your money order today. This offer may not appear again.

How to Order — Order by number only and give second choice of colors, in case those ordered are sold out. Enclose Post Office Money Order or Express Order or Bank Draft payable to E.M.Schnadig. Address

E. M. SCHNADIG, Official Trustee,
167 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE GLORY HOGGER.

If the nation needs a statesman
Who can rescue from ill,
One who can through troubled waters
Guide the ship of state with skill,
With an ease that comes from practice
They proceed to fill the bill
In Ohio.

If the eager race is looking
For a conqueror of air
To complete the subjugation
Of the world's dominions fair,
With a measure overflowing
They proceed to raise a pair
From Ohio.

Though we think they should in fairness
Leave some pie upon the plate
And be less monopolistic
Of achievements that are great,
Yet we gladly take our hats off
To the glory hogging State
Of Ohio.

—McLandburg Wilson, in the New York Sun.

The Inland Water Route.

Baltimore American-Star.

The providing of an inner navigation route along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts Bay to the Florida Keys is easier of realization and will be a less costly undertaking than would be the construction of a deep-draft ship channel from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico. To provide and maintain a deep-channel route in the Mississippi river would not only involve a great initial cost, but a continuous annual expenditure of incalculable proportions. The connecting of Lake Michigan with the Mississippi by a barge canal and the utilization of the navigation facilities of the great river for craft of nine feet draft or less will be a much less costly proposition and one more readily to be realized.

MUST BE ON TIME.

A new railway was being built, and, the route including a small farm, officers of the line paid a visit to the owner, an old lady.

"Madam," said the surveyor, "we understand that you own this farm, and it is my duty to inform you that our new railway will run through your barn."

"Oh, will it?" said the old lady. "Well, let me tell you that the last train will have to be not later than 8 o'clock, because you'll not catch me sitting up after that to open the doors for it or anything else. So mind."

Low Fares to the Cheap Lands

November 17 Dec. 1 and 15

Plan to go on one of these days—

The trip will not cost much. Special fare tickets over the Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines will allow you to go one way and return another, without extra cost. You will see more of the South-west than you could in any other way, and for less money. Ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over the Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines, either through Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Joseph, Memphis or Birmingham, according to your location.

If you will tell me where you want to go, I will tell you the cost of a ticket and send you a map-schedule.

I will also send you some interesting books about the Southwest. They will inform you of opportunities waiting for you there, and will open your eyes to new possibilities. Write for free copies today.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
1929 LaSalle Sta., Chicago
1929 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis

Rock Island SOUTHWEST FRISCO

HOW TO HANDLE VAGRANTS

Regarding vagrancy and suggestions for possible repressive measures in order to protect life and property from depredations committed by the Weary Willies, a New York charity organization has recently received reports from scores of railroads as to properly lost as well as dispositions made of offenders when caught.

Particularly interesting are these reports to Toledo as in and around this city, for years, have been the scenes of many battles between car robbers and railroad detectives.

In one report, W. H. Canniff, president of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad, states that on one occasion during June, 103 men were ejected from one of the freight trains of the company in a journey of 132 miles. J. E. Childs, general manager of the New York, Ontario & Western, says that there are probably fifty per cent more vagrants passing over the line than a year ago. Typical depredations of these vagrants are hold-ups and breaking into cars and stations. The Norfolk & Western reports, through its president, that the increase in vagrancy more than a year ago is twenty-five per cent, a fact particularly noticeable in the increased robbery of cars. "We have had," reports the president, "instances of brakemen and conductors being killed or assaulted in attempting to eject trespassers, and not all of these trespassers are vagrants and without means."

George B. Slade, general manager of the Northern Pacific, reports that the line is more troubled with vagrants this year than ever before. They pilfer cars, set fires along the right of way, build fires inside of the cars, use the company's materials for the construction of small shanties, terrorize the occupants of section houses, and commit the various usual depredations.

The Pennsylvania railroad, reporting through its president, shows that it is thoroughly stirred up by the tramp nuisance, and during April, May and June, 1908, made 3,100 arrests as against 1,074 arrests for August, September and October, 1907.

These quotations might be extended many times. The daily papers, however, give other striking statements. In some of the eastern states there is a plague of yeggmen committing petty thefts, breaking into stores, robbing farm houses, and in general committing various kinds of lawlessness. These "yeggs" are accustomed to travel on freight trains. Fortunately for a woman who had been threatened by a vagrant in Camden, N. J., recently, her husband was at home and gave the beggar a sound thrashing. When such things happen, the police often make a "round-up," which because spasmodic and because the vagrants are frequently let off with a suspended sentence, has little effect.

A New Yorker interested in the tramp question, who for a year has gathered from all over the United States clippings relating to vagrancy, says that the most striking thing about the clippings is the entire absence of plans anywhere for treating the question of vagrancy systematically. He also states that far too frequently there come to his attention reports of most atrocious assaults upon women and children, these brutal crimes being possible because of the continued indifference displayed by most communities toward any systematic plan for reducing vagrancy.

What can we do? Several things are simple and effective. We can refuse food at the door. We can make work a requirement for a subsequent meal. We can urge that vagrants receive reasonably long sentences when arraigned before magistrates, if they are evidently habitual vagrants. So far as possible co-operation ought to be maintained between railroad police and city police. Unless tramp trespassers upon railways are convicted when arraigned in court, the railroads have little power to reduce railway trespass. City police should not tolerate evident vagrants upon the streets of the city. We should endeavor to obtain, when possible, more adequate vagrancy legislation. If railway trespass is at present not covered by our laws, it should be. So long as towns or cities must stand the expense of vagrants committed to jail or to the workhouse, just so long will towns or cities be loath to commit. The maintenance of committed vagrants should be a state charge. Most important of all, among measures that can be at once adopted is the necessity of accompanying a sentence for vagrancy with hard labor. Wherever hard labor is required, there, too, vagrants become suddenly less in number.

In connection with work, the labor colony bill to be introduced into the New York legislature next winter seems a most interesting attempt to reduce vagrancy. This bill, framed by specialists in charitable work, in New York state, proposes an appropriation for a labor colony to which habitual vagrants shall be committed, their terms to be indefinite. Good care, good food, a reasonable amount of real work, reformatory influences, a parole system, and a chance to learn a trade are among its principal features. The bill is modeled in many respects upon compulsory labor colonies which have already proved their success in Europe. Of course, one labor colony will not solve the vagrancy question, but it will make a good beginning and will be watched with great interest as an important experiment.

BAT AS A HOUSEHOLD PET

A bat in a woman's bedroom can cause more excitement than can one lone burglar or even a dozen mice, says the Technical World Magazine. As the strange creature of the night comes flipping and flapping against the walls and ceilings such shrieks are elicited from the terrified female as to rouse the whole family and bring them to the rescue with brooms and canes.

All of which is sheer foolishness, for if she would but give him a chance, the bat could prove to her entire satisfaction that he is an intelligent and amiable creature and not unworthy of a permanent place in the household. Yes, the detested bat makes a most agreeable household pet.

He is a most affectionate creature and will attach himself to a person as does a kindly and intelligent dog. A college professor says: "When I was a student at the university I had two bats, which came and went freely of their own accord. In the evening they were wont to rush through the window into the neighboring garden, hunt insects, and when their hunger was appeased they would return to my room. They slept on a bookshelf, where they suspended themselves from a dictionary. At the present time I possess a bat that shows a touching attachment to my person and follows me about through the rooms of my house, if I call it."

This last statement seems to be unquestionable testimony in favor of the theory that the ear of the bat is not only susceptible to high and shrill sounds, but also for the lower sounds of the human voice. Recognizing that it is called, the creature evidently is able to distinguish different shades and accents.

This advocate of bats as pets further states that when he talks pleasantly to it his present favorite raises and lowers its ears, much after the manner of a horse, blinks its eyes in a contented fashion, licks its nozzle with its tongue, and, in general disports itself in a manner that indicates it is pleased and contented. When harshly spoken to, it lays back its ears, shrinks away, and seeks to escape by climbing up the curtain.

The proprietor of this bat adds: "When I sit by lamplight in the morning working at my desk, I can hardly get rid of it. It comes and goes, rambling about the desk of climbing up my legs or else it sits on the curtain and endeavors by violent shakings of the head and shrill twittering to excite my attention and to obtain worms—its usual food—thereby. Its appetite is indeed something uncanny. Thirty fat worms are readily taken at one meal."

NOT THE YELLOW KIND.

William Allen White is wedded to Emporia, Kan., and the newspaper editorial desk which he there adorns. But about twice a year Mr. White, out of a hard sense of duty, wrenches up stakes and comes east.

"Why, Mr. White," exclaimed one woman whom he met at luncheon, "aren't you a little stouter than when I saw you last?"

"Probably," said White, "quite probably. I usually am."

That same afternoon Mr. White sat in a box at a matinee and looked out over the audience with no small degree of interest.

"It's much darker than the last time I was here," he murmured.

"Darker?" repeated his host.

"Yes. How fashions in hair change! Now, only a few years ago this would have been like looking over a box of lemons."

Town Sober for Four Years.

New York Press.

"There are no saloons or hotels in North Arlington, and we have not had a case of drunkenness in four years," was the report of Marshal Frederick Reipe, of the borough of North Arlington, sent to Charles J. Fisk, chairman of the New Jersey excise commission.

Marshal Reipe received several weeks ago, as did every similar official in the state, a card requesting him to fill in the number of cases of intoxication recorded in the borough since 1904.

COMING EVENTS, ETC.

Barber (looking for business)—"Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful."

Jaggs (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—"You (hic) shpose I don' know (his) that?"

—The Bohemian Magazine.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LEGAL TENDER.

Is silver legal tender for more than ten dollars in the United States?—H. W., Milledyville, Ky.

The silver dollar of 412½ grains is legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, except when otherwise expressly mentioned in the contract. The silver coins of the United States of smaller denomination than one dollar are a legal tender in sums not exceeding ten dollars, in payment of all dues, public and private.

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS.

Will you give a sketch of each of the Wright brothers, the aeronauts?—G. E. B., Milford, Neb.

Wilbur Wright, the elder of the two brothers, was born in Millville, Ind., April 16, 1867. His father was Bishop Milton Wright. Wilbur received his education in the common and high schools. He now lives in Dayton, O., and is unmarried. Since 1903 he has been engaged in constructing an aeroplane, which he has had, together with his brother, Orville, patented in the leading countries of the world. Wilbur is now in Europe with his aeroplane.

Orville Wright was born in Dayton, O., August 19, 1871. He was educated with his brother and, like him, is still unmarried. He has made several successful flights in his aeroplane at Dayton, O. Both Orville and Wilbur have shown great inventive genius since their boyhood.

LIVING EX-PRESIDENTS.

At what time were there the greatest number of ex-presidents in the United States? At what time were there none?—J. M. M., Longpond, Pa.

From March 4, 1861 to January 17, 1862, there were five living ex-presidents, the largest number at one time. The ex-presidents at this time were Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. There were no living ex-presidents from December 14, 1799 to March 4, 1810, and at the present time.

THE FIRST POPE.

When was the Catholic church brought under Roman control? Who was the first pope?—S. H. J., Clinton Corners, N. Y.

We cannot tell you when the Catholic church was brought under Roman control. The title of pope was formerly given to all bishops. St. Peter is said to have been the first bishop of Rome. The title of pope was first adopted by Hygivius in 139, and Pope Boniface III. induced Phocas, emperor of the east, to confine it to the prelates of Rome, 606.

RALPH CONNOR.

Will you please give a sketch of Ralph Connor?—I. J. M., Burlington, Mich.

Charles William Gordon, or Ralph Connor, his pen name, was born in Canada, in 1860. In 1883 he graduated at Toronto university and four years after at Knox college. He became a Presbyterian minister. Gordon went to the lumbering and mining regions of the Rocky mountains as a missionary in 1890. He remained there until 1894, when he became pastor of St. Stephen's church, of Winnipeg. He is an author of considerable ability, his works being characterized by vivid descriptions of life and scenery in the Canadian west.

DRY COUNTIES IN OHIO.

Give the names of the Ohio counties that have voted "dry," also those that have voted "wet." Give the majorities of each.—F. K., Mt. Vernon, O.

Clinton, Highland, Morgan, Harrison and Geauga counties have previously voted "dry" under the Beall law. Williams, Wood, Paulding, Putnam, Van Wert, Darke, Warren, Greene, Madison, Champaign, Logan, Union, Delaware, Morrow, Marion, Wyandot, Ashtabula, Trumbull, Wayne, Columbiana, Carroll, Coshocton, Guernsey, Noble, Perry, Athens, Meigs, Pickaway, Hocking, Vinton, Jackson, Gallia, Lawrence, Scioto, Pike, Adams and Brown counties have voted "dry" under the Rose county local option law. Those voting "wet" are Defiance, Shelby, Seneca, Lorain and Fairfield. The remaining counties have held no elections. We cannot give the vote in each county.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Editor Question Bureau: About three weeks ago you replied to a request for a history of the Roman Catholic church. The reply is so full of errors and does so much injustice to the Catholic religion that I must beg of you to kindly retract that article for the reasons given below:

First of all you violate your own rule 5. Then, the answer is evidently not a reply to the request. You do not give a history of the Catholic church. You confine it to the church of the United States, and you give practically no history of that.

You say: "The career of the Roman Catholic church in the United States commenced in the winter of 1633, etc." As a matter of fact it commenced in 1522, more than a hundred years before, when mass was celebrated by the Dominicans in Virginia. If you wish, I can give you evidences of Catholicity every few years from this time up to Lord Baltimore's arrival.

In paragraph two you say: "Since the Council of Trent . . . no change whatever, either in doctrine, or in government, or in ritual, has been introduced. The decreta of that memorable assemblage fossilized the church, so that no change will ever again occur, etc." as if there were changes in her doctrine before that. Please to show me one change. If, on the other hand, by "fossilized" you mean that not even the accidentals of her government or ritual may change, I can show you many changes going on to-day, as she makes herself all things to all men.

In the following sentence you contradict your preceding statement. "The only alteration which has been made.....has been acknowledgment and proclamation of the Immaculate Conception." But even here there was no alteration. She simply defined what was already held. This definition was given in 1854. But the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had already been explicity defended in the council of Constance in 1416, and the council of Trent itself stated that in its decree that all men were subject to original sin, it did not intend to include the Blessed Virgin Mary. Moreover, if you call a definition an "alteration," why stop with that one? What about the infallibility of the pope, only a few years ago? We believe, and this belief has always been in the church, that the body of the Blessed Virgin was assumed into heaven. When that is some day defined by the church will it be an "alteration?" If so, how is she so permanently "fossilized?"

Further on you say of the Blessed Virgin: "We can infer that she is supposed to possess the attribute of omnipresence," since she is invoked in many parts of the world at the same time. First of all, you confuse omnipresence with multilocation. Then, we do not hold that she is necessarily present where those prayers are offered. Is a king or president omnipresent because according to his condition he knows the petitions of his subjects? There is a constant tradition of the church against attributing divinity to the Blessed Virgin. We maintain that she beholds God, and in Him, as in a mirror, everything that bears a relation to herself; otherwise she would not be perfetly happy. How the prayers of her children pertain to her happiness. Therefore, she knows them through the vision of God.

Next comes the question of the Mother of God. In your reasoning you confuse nature with person. No Catholic could claim that Mary is the mother of the Divine Nature. She is the mother of a Person who possesses not only a human nature, but a divine nature also. A mother does not generate the soul of her child, but you call her the mother of that entire being. Again, you admit that Mr. Roosevelt's mother is the mother of a president, because she is mother of a person who is not only Theodore Roosevelt, but also president. She is not mother of a president "qua talis," i. e., inasmuch as he is president—no mother could be that—but she is mother of a president, inasmuch as the presidency falls upon, or resides in, a person who is her son. So the Blessed Virgin is mother of God, since the nature of God resides in a person who is her son.

Then you say: "The chief arguments used by Catholics in favor of tradition is, that by the use of scripture all sects may establish their various and contradictory opinions." That is not the chief argument. The church had her tradition before any question arose about the sacred scriptures. The scripture itself refers us to tradition. Those books were written for particular churches, do not touch some very important subjects, etc.

Again: "Catholics believe that the body of Christ is divided and subdivided, etc." They believe nothing of the kind. They know that the body of Christ is glorified and cannot be divided, and that it is one and the same body which is present in all parts of the world.

The next phrase: "The sacrament of penance is connected with the duty of confession." Rather, the duty of confession is connected—as a part—with the sacrament of penance.

When matrimony is treated, a line has been omitted. I shall try to supply it in parenthesis: "Marriage is a sacrament; meaning thereby that when the ceremony (is performed a promise is thereby) made to God which cannot be dissolved." Rather, meaning that, being a sacrament, it confers grace upon the parties contracting; a grace which will enable them to fulfill their obligations.

"Roman Catholics churches are more numerous than any single denomination of Protestants." Yes, and more than that, there is a greater number of Catholics than of all Protestants combined. The figures I have at hand date back several years—I think to about 1900—but, as you say, "her members are increasing with wonderful rapidity," these figures should answer the purpose: Protestant sects, 240,000,000; Catholics, 270,000,000.—R. J. Kinnane, St. Francis de Sales church, Toledo, Ohio.

CABINET OFFICERS

Please give President Roosevelt's cabinet.—J. W. V., Brookville, Pa.

The cabinet officers are Elihu Root, secretary of state; Geo. B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury; Luke E. Wright, secretary of war; Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney-general; Victor H. Metcalf, secretary of the navy; James R. Garfield, secretary of interior; James Wilson, secretary of agriculture; and Oscar S. Straus, secretary of commerce and labor.

VOTING QUALIFICATIONS

Is a United States soldier or sailor allowed to vote?—S. D. O., Etowah.

In Arkansas, Indiana, New Mexico territory, South Dakota and Texas, United States soldiers and sailors are prohibited from voting. In Iowa the soldiers alone are prohibited. In Ohio, persons in the United States naval or military service on duty in Ohio are prohibited.

BARBARA FRITCHIE

Will you please give a short sketch of Barbara Fritchie?—H. A. H., Marion, Ind.

Barbara Fritchie was born December 3, 1766, and died December 18, 1862. In 1806 she married Caspar Fritchie, a Tory, who died in 1849. During the Civil war, on September 6, 1862, the advance guard of General Lee's army, under "Stonewall" Jackson entered Frederick, where Mrs. Fritchie resided. On the 7th the main army entered the city. The presence of the troops were obnoxious to many of the residents, including Mrs. Fritchie. On September 10, part of the army left Frederick, passing by Mrs. Fritchie's house, but Jackson, who commanded a division, had gone to a friend's house. He did not pass Mrs. Fritchie's door at all so that she could not have seen him if she had appeared at the window. On the same street that morning a United States flag, or at least a Union badge, was displayed by a Mrs. Mary Quantrell, and tradition says that a Confederate soldier attempted to take it from her, contrary to orders that no one should be molested. Whittier, who wrote his poem, "Barbara Frietchie," in good faith, evidently received a version of the story in which Mrs. Fritchie and Mrs. Quantrell were confounded. On the 13th and 14th a large part of McClellan's army passed through Frederick, and on one of those days Mrs. Fritchie came out on her porch, and waved a flag at the men in blue. Later, so some of her biographers say, a federal officer called to compliment her on her patriotism, and was given a flag she had treasured, but not the one she had used that morning. These simple statements have become the nucleus of a mass of contradictory statements.

THE IRISH GOVERNMENT

Will you please tell how Ireland has been governed since its conquest?—H. J. M., Lompac, Cal.

After the conquest of Ireland an English representative ruled over a district of Ireland known as the "Pale," and asserted a supremacy over the native chieftains. But Henry VII. introduced a stronger government. An act could no longer be introduced in the Irish parliament until it had been first submitted to, and approved by the king and the English privy council, a measure which subordinated the Irish parliament entirely to England. This was known as "Poyning's Law." Another statute passed in the time of George 1. declared that the English parliament could enact laws for Ireland the same as for England. Thus it was impossible for Ireland to legislate for her own interests. In 1785 laws were passed allowing Ireland free export of its principal commodities. In 1782 the English ministry allowed Poyning's law to be repealed in Ireland, and induced the English parliament to repeal the act of George 1. For the next eighteen years Ireland had home rule; that is her parliament could pass any laws which seemed best for the country. The executive power, however, was vested in a lord lieutenant appointed by the English king on the advice of his ministry. The Irish revolted in 1798 and the English ministers decided that the only hope for peace and order was to unite the Irish and English parliaments and rule the two countries as one. In 1800 this union was made, though many of the Irish members of parliament were bribed. For the next three-quarters of a century the legislation was unwise and unpopular to an almost incredible degree. In 1886 Gladstone tried to establish home rule in Ireland, but his plans failed. At the present time Ireland is represented in the British parliament.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT

Who was the first president of the United States and how many votes did it take to elect him?—J. R. E., Stocksville, N. C.

The first president was George Washington. He received 69 electoral votes; John Adams received 34; John Jay, 9; Robert H. Harrison, 6; John Rutledge, 6; John Hancock, 4; George Clinton, 3; Samuel Huntingdon, 2; John Milton, 2; James Armstrong, 1; Benjamin Lincoln, 1, and Edward Telfair, 1.

The record of the popular vote for the election of this election was so meagre and imperfect that a compilation would be useless. In most of the states the legislatures appointed the presidential electors, and the people therefore voted only indirectly for them, their choice being expressed by their votes for the members of the legislature.

DECEMBER WHEAT

What is meant by December, July and May wheat?—H. J. T., Cubena, W. Va.

The term, "December wheat" signifies that the wheat is bought for December delivery. The same applies to the other months. Thus, grain may be bought through exchanges for delivery at some future time; for instance, grain may be bought in March for delivery in December.

LEPIDUS

Please give a sketch of Lepidus.—H. C., Maple Rapids, Mich.

Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, the Roman triumvir, died 13 B. C. He became praetor 49 B. C., consul with Julius Caesar in 46, and in 44 was appointed by Caesar to the government of Narbonese Gaul and Nearer Spain. He was in Rome at the time of Caesar's death, and joined Mark Antony. In 43 he united with Antony and Octavianus to form the triumvirate, obtaining Spain and Narbonese Gaul in the division of the empire. After the battle of Philippi in 42, a re-division took place, in which Lepidus received Africa, where he remained until 36, when he was summoned by Augustus to assist him against Sextus Pompey. He then tried to seize Sicily, but was overcome by Augustus, who deprived him of his triumvirate, and banished him to Circeii, where he lived under strict surveillance.

CABLEGRAM TRANSMISSION

Will you tell how long it takes to send a cablegram across the Atlantic?—H. M., Parkersburg, W. Va.

A cablegram can now be sent across the Atlantic and a reply received for stock exchange purposes at any rate in two or three minutes. The speed of recent Atlantic cables is as high as from 40 to 45 words a minute in both directions—that is, from 80 to 90 words a minute.

SHE CITED PRECEDENT.

And Thus a Great Speech Was Saved to Posterity.

A capital story is told of the way in which a popular member of parliament was once aroused to make a stirring speech.

At the outset of his political career he had been known as a remarkably clever orator, and in several political campaigns made a brilliant name for himself. But when he became an M. P. he ceased to speak, much to the regret of his friends and admirers.

Finally an important measure came up for discussion, and the wife of a friend of the member, who was much interested in its passage, was disappointed to see that the brilliant man had no apparent intention of joining in the discussion. She sat down and wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, which she closed in an envelope and sent him by a messenger from the Ladies' Gallery.

When he opened it the M. P. read: "Do speak! Even Balaam's ass spoke once!" This brought him to his feet and elicited one of the best speeches he ever made in the House.

Tramps Menace Country Life.

Pittsburg Sun.

The chief obstacle to country life is stated to be its isolation. Good roads would overcome one feature by improving communication. Breaking up the big farms in the more diversified areas at least would favor small holdings and tend to make the country more thickly populated. But the third great feature of this isolation, and it is the worst of all, is the danger from lawless, roving tramps, and from thieves and trespassers, usually from the cities, who swoop down, plunder and destroy, and escape without detection. There will be no general exodus to the country, desirable as this is, until better police protection can be assured.

Rattlesnake Falls in Her Lap.

New York Herald.

It is doubtful if the wives of H. P. Taylor, of Los Angeles, and J. F. Braun, of Philadelphia, will ever have a more narrow escape from death than that which befell them recently. A party of four, with Frank White, of Los Angeles, as chauffeur, was on its way north in a big touring car, when about 20 miles out from San Diego the machine ran over a board on an end of which a big rattlesnake was sunning itself.

The board was tipped up, and the hissing reptile was thrown into the air and landed in Mrs. Braun's lap. With a scream, she jumped from the car, and the snake fell into the lap of Mrs. Taylor, who also jumped from the car.

The cries of the women caused the chauffeur to bring the car to a standstill, and neither was injured by the jump.

Seach for the snake showed it had coiled up in one of the lap robes. It was quickly dispatched by White and taken to Los Angeles. The reptile measured 6 feet and 2 inches in length and had 13 rattles and a button.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

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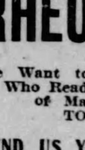

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TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS

"George," spoke his better half, "you are interested in the temperance movements, are you not?"

"Why, certainly I am," he answered.

"Well, suppose you go out and make a few of them with the pump handle. I am in need of a pail of water right away."

—The Bohemian Magazine.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 205,000

SEPTEMBER PREMIUM WATCH.

We award last month's premium watch to Jno. Wyskoff, Bedford, Iowa, who sent us a club of 230 names.

Did you have any trouble handling the big ballot?

Bet it almost broke Mr. Bryan's heart to have to quit talking.

No man can pay coal bills with the money he loses on the election.

Those final election predictions from the committees were certainly whoppers.

In a political campaign, every candidate, like every woman, wants the last word.

One professor has discovered three new disease germs. Those boys are always busy.

Comparatively few people at the age of fifty have as good a start in life as President Roosevelt.

"A Kentucky farmer plowed up $800." Couldn't do that under a Democratic administration.

In the closing hours it looked for a time as if some of the prophets would predict their heads off.

We doubt if Dr. Osler's knock-out drops would work on President Roosevelt at the age of fifty.

Though not possessing as much experience as his chief opponent, Mr. Taft made a splendid campaign.

The millionaire who marries his stenographer never gets any sympathy from the haters of wealth.

The season for campaign whoppers is over. Only little white lies will be tolerated from this time on.

President Roosevelt spent his birthday quietly, or as quietly as it is possible for him to spend any day.

When it comes to aeronautics most men will prefer to learn the trick through a correspondence school.

When you find a girl who likes to wash dishes it is because she wants to keep her hands soft and white.

In order to find out where the Duke of the Abruzzi stands with the Elkins family, why not take a straw vote?

"Magazine explodes," read the headline. But it didn't have reference to the one Mr. Roosevelt is going to edit.

Some day hanging night-riders will be regarded as a patriotic duty with the people of Kentucky and Tennessee.

The President got through his Thanksgiving proclamation without mentioning Taft as one of the country's great blessings.

An increased production of widows in Kentucky and Tennessee would be one way of settling the night-riding business.

It is reported that the kaiser's automobile ran over a woman. Where was that new brake the kaiser is said to have invented?

"Emma Goldman announces that she is a follower of Satan." And there are times when she seems to be stepping on his heels.

A snake with whiskers is reported from Milwaukee. It will be observed that nothing of the kind is being seen in Ohio dry counties.

This year's cranberry crop promises to be one of the best on record. And cranberries are all right when roast turkey is served with them.

The candidate who is defeated can be forgiven for being unable to understand why there are so many obstinate men in the world.

It is estimated that the apple crop this year is enough to make 6,000,000,000 pies. But for the sake of variety let's have an occasional dumpling.

Mr. Rockefeller says he despises the man whose only desire is to get money, money, money and more money. But he doesn't go so far as to kick himself.

Wet counties in Ohio are getting fewer and farther between. Soon thirsty men, when traveling through the state, will have to carry a map to know where to get off.

A Kansas professor places the dead line of matrimony at $25 a week. Cupid, however, hasn't placed any limit on the amount a young man must earn before he puts his head in the yoke.

Women's fall hats do not show any effects of last year's panic. Their size and general blooming grandeur would indicate the presence of prosperity and everlasting peace and happiness.

A man in Iowa named Nickle has dropped a divorce suit in the slot because his wife called him a Missouri mule. The time will probably come when calling a man a Ben Davis apple will be good ground for divorce.

John C. Busby, weather prophet and astronomer, writes us from Independence, Ia., to say that November will be a rough month. "I see by the giant planet, Jupiter," he says, "that his northern limn is covered with storms." Why not amputate his northern limn, John?

IN RETROSPECT.

Those historians who find an interest in writing the chronicles of the political parties will have no occasion to lament any want of material in the campaign of 1908. Yet, because it had a late start and began with such expressions of mutual respect from the candidates and an apparent determination on their part to avoid personalities and rancor, it bid fair to be the most colorless contest ever held in the country.

The most remarkable feature of the race, an event which stands out prominently against the horizon, is the shattering of the reputation of men who have, hitherto, stood high in the regard of large numbers of people. The Hearst revelations have crushed Senator Foraker. Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, may never hope to return to Washington. The mountebank Haskell has been shown up and his state will doubtless refuse to re-elect him governor. The method by which Hearst obtained his letters fails to alter the facts disclosed, or remove one spot of guilt from the apparel of those besmirched.

The communications from President Roosevelt have lent a most picturesque touch to the campaign. The strong, vigorous language was welcomed by a country which was yawning over the slow progress of the scrimmage. Mr. Roosevelt called for ginger and then supplied it himself. It put vigor into the work of the Republican contestants and brought out the latent animosity of Mr. Bryan. The charge that the President was trying to found a dynasty by dictating the selection of his successor was of little influence. In the light of history it was ridiculous. Jefferson picked his successor. Jackson had to deal with the same accusation. Grant tried to nominate Roscoe Conkling. Hayes used the civil service in an effort to bring about Sherman's nomination. Cleveland gained his second nomination through the employment of officeholders, and Harrison did virtually the same thing in 1892. Everyone will remember how Cleveland was denounced in 1896 for failing to throw his forces to the nomination of a cabinet officer. The criticisms of Roosevelt will soon be forgotten, except, perhaps, by the man who declared he was the "logical heir."

The electioneering undertaken by Mr. Gompers in the interest of Mr. Bryan was of vital moment since it was the first attempt of anyone to deliver the labor vote to any presidential candidate. Evidences of the success or failure of his maneuver are wanting, but will doubtless appear when the vote is analyzed. That Mr. Gompers has not done all that he expected to do is apparent. He established a precedent, however, which will be far reaching.

The Socialists must be considered in the national politics of the future. Their candidate has made a most spectacular campaign. The organization of the party is by far the strongest, the most complete of any party which has ever existed in the United States. Mr. Debs polled a few more than 402,000 votes in 1904. Unless all signs are in error the party will count three times as many at this election. It is expected to elect two or three assemblymen from the city of New York, and possibly a congressman. The industrial depression has been taken advantage of to the fullest by the Socialists. This has led to their labeling as the "Hard Times" party, carrying the suggestion that the revival of prosperity will cause a falling off in their numbers.

The relations between a presidential campaign and the business condition of the country have again been emphasized. Enterprise has held off, awaiting the result. Commercial orders have been placed subject to the election of Taft. The panic, while the shortest lived of any, would undoubtedly have been forgotten if the nation had been relieved of the feeling of uncertainty brought about by the contest. When rich men next arrange a panic it should be their outlook to select a period other than the year preceding a national campaign.

As the "tumult and the shouting dies" we shall be getting back to the more comfortable plane of polite speech and tolerance. The earth will continue to make its annual journeys of 600,000,000 miles in 365 days, five hours and forty-eight seconds. The bright star Vega will still draw the astronomer's glass. Spring will come with all its sweetness and poetry. Children will prattle their prayers at mothers' knees, lovers will love as they have time beyond memory. Men will forget issues, candidates, curses, arguments and bets.

The world was constructed out of something much more substantial than the planks of political parties.

ANOTHER CUE FOR CASTRO.

The news will not be lacking in sensational qualities after the racket of the presidential campaign has ceased. An ancient friend to the telegraph is mustering his armies and writing his proclamations. Cipriano Castro is his name, president his title, and dictatorship his business and delight.

Holland set a time limit upon its patience. Unless Castro came to the front with a satisfactory explanation of his conduct toward the accredited representative of Queen Wilhelmina and the barring of Dutch commercial traffic something of most important interest to Venezuela might be counted upon. The time limit is said to have expired. Dutch war vessels are gathering in the Caribbean. Castro has mobilized fifty thousand soldiers in the coast cities. It is apparent he has no intention of crawling, not until the sun rises when he must. At the same time come rumors of an expeditionary force of revolutionists preparing to take him in the rear.

What Holland's intentions are can only be guessed at. It might decide that a naval demonstration will be all that is necessary to soothe its dignity. If it thinks it can impress Castro it believes what no one else thinks at all. Long practice with diplomatists has bred a disgust in Don Cipriano with ambassadorial usages. They are forms of bluffs which have failed to work in Venezuela of recent years. The controlling spirit of Castro is said by those who have studied him to be vanity. He considers himself quite capable of whipping the spots off of Germany, and would call an invasion of Florida a mild, every day excursion. As for Holland there is probably a large question with Castro whether that country has a right to a color on the map of the world.

The punishment of the peppery little administrator has been an annual prediction for a long time. It has never been brought about. Whether it ever will be is a puzzle to the foreign offices of many governments. Those who have not suffered by his policies admire him not a little. In making grave and pompous representatives look foolish Castro has the thanks of all the humorously minded.

THE YAQUIS.

From Mexico comes news of the ambush and slaying of another party of Yaqui Indians. Murder is no less a crime in the country of our southern neighbor than in ours, but the slaying of Yaquis does not come under the meaning of the word as defined by Mexicans.

The extermination of these uncivilizable tribes is the great tragedy of Mexico. The country has decided that their mountain paths will never be safe so long as these Indians are living, that settlement will not come to the distant valleys, or enterprise to the unguarded regions. The famous peon mine owner was repulsed when he offered to pay off the national debt of Mexico, but his proffer was gladly accepted when he purposed giving a fund for the annihilation of the Yaquis. An attempt was made to colonize the Indians in the Isthmus of Yucatan. Steamers were loaded with many familes at Tampico. The vessels returned empty within two or three days. As the trip to Yucatan and back could hardly be made in less than a fortnight the fate of the Yaqui emigrants is easily guessed.

A few months ago Harper's Weekly published an article on the subject of these Indians, illustrating with many photographs. Nearly every one of them showed Indians hanging to trees, Indians lying dead in trenches, or standing blindfolded before firing squads of soldiers. Death, in a form most horrible, was presented. The cause of Mexico probably gained few recruits after the publication of that "story." On the other hand sympathy for the Indians was established on this side of the border, a pity for the want of governing ability which cannot bring peace to the pioneers, or to the tribes. The Yaquis appear non-absorbable, having deep rooted prejudice in favor of blood unmixed. A hatred, native and inheritable, prevents their accepting the terms of surrender. Suspicious, loving the wildness of their hills, caring nothing for town life, despising agriculture, their joy is to plunder. The reprisal was natural. Any country would discover perplexity when it must choose between the terms of humanity and those of hourly dread.

THE DOUMA BALKS.

The present Russian Douma is about to get on the books of the "Little Father" in just the way it has been trying to avoid.

The first Douma and the second were failures from the standpoint of Tzarskoi Selo. They were afflicted with a most outrageous regard for the rights of the poor downtrodden folk they were supposed to care for. They bucked and pitched, would neither be saddled nor bridled, cut up generally, and made a lot of trouble for Nicholas, whose jails were full and hangmen and Cossack butchers excessively busy. The two were dissolved in anger. Then the police took each recalcitrant member and put him where he would do the least harm to the cause of autocracy.

The third Douma was better behaved. The authorities at St. Petersburg had begun to realize the efficiency of ward politics and, by permitting only its own sworn friends to vote, obtained a parliament thoroughly broken and gentle. So it thought at the first session.

There is this strange quality about a parliament. If it is going to be a governing body, sooner or later, no matter where its sympathies lie, it will insist on having a hand in governing. Not at all what the czar requires. When the session opened the other day its first business was to express indignation because the gendarmes had broken up a meeting called to adopt resolutions in support of the Slavs who had separated themselves from the bondage of Turkey and called their nation of Bulgaria a nation indeed. Nicholas is holding a coquettish tete-a-tete with France and England, who wish to check the advancing influence of Germany in Turkey. As the Kaiser is backing Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria a note of congratulation from Russia would muddle up the affair, which promises to be an alliance of great strength to the Muscovite cabinet.

The Douma is a poor excuse as a congress, but it is a step in the direction of representative government. And every halting step counts in Russia. Freedom may enter the benighted land, for all one may tell to the contrary, through this narrow door of the Douma.

WHERE OLD IS FAVORED.

The taste for old things, old furniture, old pictures, old silver and old porcelain, is a thing innate in the human heart. No matter how new the family, how scornful of old methods and old-fashioned ways, the most modern of beings find charm and delight in certain fashions and favorites of days gone by.

The Baltimore American Star writes a regretful paragraph about the passing of the ancient houses which were once pointed out as the homes of the wealth and chivalry of the city. Greater fortunes have appeared, holdings immense in comparison with those of the old regime. Signs "for sale" decorate the yards of residences which once were the carpets of fair women and their knights. But in the ruin of many of the "old families," the newly rich are not contemptuous, but are rather sharp bidders and eager seekers. They are after the famous furniture of the ancient houses, the plate and the tableware.

"The men who have culled in the modern factory vaster wealth than the old aristocrats ever possessed and are rearing castle-like mansions here and there, are buying up the fittings of Maryland's ante-bellum hospitality for the homes of a new tribe of aristocrats," says the Star.

In vain you stoop to con
The slender faded notes today—
The soul that dweit in them is gone.

A DAY RECALLED.

Joseph Ramsey is one of the picturesque figures in the railroad world. Always a man of marked ability, his ambition has ridden high, but has striven for goals seemingly just beyond his reach. The revival of the rumors that he is to be made the president of the Ann Arbor railroad recalls one of the most dramatic incidents in his career.

Mr. Ramsey, when president of the Wabash railroad, fell out with the Gould control. Whatever the merits of the controversy, whether the charges were true or not, Gould appeared to have weight on his side when he declared that Ramsey owed him for everything he had in the way of office and that he had proved disloyal. Ramsey had refused to resign after the quarrel. He started a hot campaign for proxies by which he should be able to elect the directors who would retain him as president. The votes were counted in Toledo. Though good nature was maintained throughout the meeting and the men gathered in an office in the Produce Exchange were never for a moment discourteous toward one another the air was charged with something theatrical. No one knew what moment politeness would be shaken off as a cloak and the bitterness of the two struggling parties find vent.

When the meeting closed Mr. Ramsey was no longer head of the Wabash system.

WOMEN AND CIGARETTES.

Should women smoke? A woman physician of Philadelphia says that they should. There would be less of the loudly proclaimed nervousness among women in America, she says, if five minutes were given three times a day to the puffing of a cigarette.

This is a question to be approached gravely, though possibly not reverentially. From the view of the sex which has a monopoly on the vice it would probably not be more awful than a shock. Once the husband were used to it he would discover distinct advantages. The conventional accusation that he has made the curtains smell like a house afire would cease. He would have a retort most telling when charged with filling the carpet full of dirty cigar ashes. As for dropping match ends on window sills, leaving stubs about disgustingly and setting fearful examples to his children, these sarcasms would be left to the records of the dark and non-universal smoking ages.

Still most men would decide the question by asking themselves if they would like to see their mothers, sweethearts or wives smoking.

TENNESSEE WARNED.

The temperance lecturer who took his sot of a brother around with him appreciated the merit of a horrible example. The other southern states having beheld the tragedy of night riding outlawry in Kentucky are determined that the curse shall never acquire an abiding place upon their soil.

Probably had the Walnut Log outrage taken place in Tennessee two or three years ago the authorities would have displayed the same bored interest they take in a lynching affair of the common variety. But they have seen how the night riders to the north of them have paralyzed business in the state, have driven away thousands of reputable and valued citizens, have made murder an ordinary happening of the day and its punishment a thing well-nigh impossible. So Governor Patterson canceled every one of his campaign dates, dropped the routine of his office, and proceeded with the help of the militia to ferret out the white caps. His aggressive speed and action have borne excellent fruit. Two men, at least, have confessed and given the inquisitors the names of their accomplices. Several of the participants are under arrest. They will be tried with due rigor and punished with all the severity which Governor Patterson can influence the courts to inflict.

Tennessee has received its warning. It has learned the propriety of leaving questions of disputed right to the arbitrament of the established institutions of the law and the processes of society.

YOUR FACE YOUR OWN.

The highest court of the state of New York has decided that no advertising concern may employ one's portrait for purposes of booming breakfast foods, patent medicines, tooth powders, or for any other wares except with full and free consent.

The ruling is of the utmost importance. It is a declaration from the loftiest fount of justice that a person's face is his own, that nobody may feloniously, maliciously, or otherwise employ your countenance, handsome or plain, your figure, stout or slim, with intent to boost some article with which perhaps you have only an intestinal acquaintance. If every maker of pills, or packer of sawdust, is to use your lines as he sees fit, then what is the use of having an individual face? Any old mug would do, that of your homely neighbor, as well as any. The New York courts are an eminently sensible body.

OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL.

J. Mortimer Lewis, poet of The Houston Post, laid off Tuesday. There isn't enough inspiration in Texas to keep a poet going more than three or four days a week.—Toledo Blade.

Wrong, brother; we laid off in order to permit one of Texas' justly famous surgeons to save our life by digging about in our inwards with a knife. Our life has been saved and we are back on the job, with ten days of accumulated inspiration piled on our desk.—Houston Post.

If recollection is not at fault, this is the second time within a year that Mr. Lewis has gone into a hospital and come out alive. It is pleasant to note that Texas has a surgeon with the necessary skill to cut up a sweet singer and put him together again in shape to resume his song. May he never have to be patched again.

"After it is all over will Colonel Henry Watterson crawl into a hole and pull the aperature in after him?" inquires The Toledo Blade. Win or lose, you'll never see the grizzled Knight of Democracy doing the welching act. Whatever fortune betides his party, you will still find him out on the ramparts fighting just as bravely as ever.—Atlanta Georgian. But ten to one you can't guess for whom he'll be fighting.

PRINCE CHARMING

A certain girl, whose age was given away by the seventeen candles on her Birthday cake, spent her waking hours, as well as those allotted for sleep, dreaming of a Fairy Prince who would arrive shortly to take her to dwell in his father's Palace in a far Country. So tightly did she draw the veil of Dreams about her eyes to shut out the world she did not see the Personable college youths who were dying to ask her to wear their Fraternity pins.

This Sleeping-beauty trance, passed by the time she was Eighteen. Still her brown eyes were eagerly searching her own heart, and the Ideal enshrined therein was a Genius who should take the Laurel leaf wreath from his own Brow and beg her to accept it as a hair ornament. She sighed while she waited for this One who would immortalize her in verse and Song to arrive. The train seemed to be indefinitely delayed. She overlooked several very good and up to date literary men about her, who would like to have had her pose as a frontispiece for their Best Sellers. All the real geniuses in her Mind were bound in purple with decked edges and Illuminated.

At twenty she craved a Position that would place her where she really Belonged, as the Beacon light, the guiding spirit in a Salon. If some President or Foreign diplomat, or even a Bishop or Congressman, had serenaded her just at this stage she would have called down for him to wait until she got her Wrap to join him for Life. Alas! the sleeping flowers beneath her Balcony window were crushed by no such troubadour invader.

Twenty-two found her heart gradually mounting to her Head, even as the Mercury in a Thermometer moves upward. Now she has grown more Practical, she only asked that the Man who sought her Hand in Marriage should be Young, handsome, well-born, Moderately talented and Rich. Being a most attractive maiden there were still many she might have taken though no one united in his personal assets all the qualifications she mentioned. Accordingly she waved her hand in a haughty dismissal.

Her twenty-fourth birthday leaped out at her and showed its teeth before she dreamed she was in danger of becoming an Old Maid. In truth she was Frightened at the prospect. She realized that she must Hurry. Accordingly the single qualification she wrote down for the Knight who should pay her Hat bills the rest of his natural life was that he must be Rich. She didn't care how Old he was or Bald. This edict sent the One faithful admirer who had hung on for seven years away forever. He resolved to cultivate some other Girl, who maybe had Money herself. His going Left not a single man on the Horizon.

Now the Girl is twenty-five. Her heart is Located permanently in her Head. The men she might once have called to Come to Her have disappeared with the Snows of yesteryear.

It is interesting to note that the erstwhile critical maiden has only one question to Ask about Any man who happens to cross her path these days, and this is: "Is he Married?"

This simple story teaches that those who Pick and Choose sometimes don't get even a Second chance to take what they Once Refused.

Walks 1,100 Miles to Husband

New York Herald.

Into the care of the police matron at Seattle, Wash., a few days ago voluntarily came Mrs. Anne Johnson, carrying 35 pounds of baggage. She had walked 1,100 miles, the distance between St. Paul and Butte, confident, she says, that she will yet find her husband, Ole Johnson, who she believes is sick and friendless. She is in the best of health. The story of Mrs. Johnson's walk of 1,100 miles brings to light privations and hardships suffered by the woman which are almost unbelievable.

For days Mrs. Johnson was compelled to make her way along the tracks of the Northern Pacific railroad, living upon the scantiest fare.

"My husband, Ole, came west about seven months ago," said Mrs. Johnson. "For several months I received postal cards from him, saying he was working on the docks. Ole can't read and I can't read, but our friends wrote the cards and read our answers. Last May I received my last postal from Ole. No word came from him and I was worried. Ole is 52 years old and I am the same age. So, after not hearing from Ole for nearly a month, I decided to go west and hunt for him."

Tragedy of a Kiss.

Atchison Globe.

An Atchison romance: He had not known her long, but as she stood in the moonlight a white dress and a blue sash set off her figure so well that he thought he had never seen a prettier picture. And then he did an awful thing—he kissed her. The innocent girl shrank from him in horror and the young man realized that he had gone too far. Indeed, as the panting girl strove to collect herself sufficiently to express the scorn surging in her bosom the young man thought of the beating he must endure the next day from her father and brothers and of the long accounts of the fight that would apepar in the newspapers. Fortunately, he had his hat in hand, and turned to go. But the girl struggled to speak, she would express her contempt for his action though it killed her. "When," she said in a low, faltering voice, full of deep-seated hatred, "are you coming again?"

Tobacco Kills a Horse.

Indianapolis News.

Hayden Davis, a Lawrenceburg racehorse trainer, lost a valuable running horse, Osterman, which was addicted to a habit that resulted in its death. The animal was an inveterate tobacco chewer. When Davis turned the horse out in a pasture it jumped a fence and got into the barn of, a tobacco raiser in Logan township and ate so much of the weed that death resulted. The dead body of the animal was found in the tobacco barn, and several hundred pounds of new tobacco had been destroyed by the horse before its death. The farmer had been awakened by the noise of the horse in the barn, but was afraid to investigate until morning, thinking that Night Riders had come to destroy his crop.

More War Talk.

New York Telegraph.

A war between England and Germany would be of interest. It would show whether John Bull is the terror that he would like other countries to believe. In all big wars, except those with this country, England has always had plenty of help. Wellington would have been a failure without his stout allies. Now if England measures swords with Germany it probably will be a fight between those two countries alone.

While the kaiser is zealously engaged in trimming the Britons and reducing them to smaller dimensions, it would be a good opportunity for the United States to step over and induce Canada to become part of this country. When the Nez Perces Indian wishes a wife he simply goes and takes one; we might follow this excellent red man's example in the case of Canada.

Killed by Too Much Prosperity

New York Herald.

Overwhelmed by orders for gowns, most of which he was unable to fill, Max Krone, a woman's tailor, of 79 West Forty-Seventh street, died in St. Mark's hospital yesterday from a bullet wound which he inflicted in his home on Wednesday night. The shooting, it is said, was not reported to the police until after the man's death, and when word of it was finally sent to the coroner it was declared an investigation would be made.

Krone's mind seemed to have been affected by his inability to deliver gowns at the time promised, and on Wednesday night he paced the floor of his apartment excitedly, finally standing in front of a mirror and firing the fatal shot.

Speed of Flight of Pigeons.

Outing Magazine.

Of our game birds the most gregarious and most beautiful passenger pigeon, now unhappily practically extinct, is or was doubtless the most rapid continuous flyer; yet to a total length of about sixteen and one-fourth inches, its wings' length is about seven and eight-tenths inches, a proportion less favorable for speed than with certain other less rapid species of its family. Their sustained speed certainly exceeded a mile a minute, and some authorities have estimated it as high as one hundred and twenty miles per hour. The fact is often quoted that the wild rice of the Carolinas was sometimes found in the stomach of birds shot in Canada, showing both marvellous speed and endurance.

THE INDIAN WOOER.

"In your numerous adventures," said the flower, "did you ever meet your Waterloo?"

"My adventures!" exclaimed the debutante. "You refer to my pathetic experiences!

"My Waterloo—well, rather! I was expecting to visit friends at an army post in the Far West when Uncle 'Bobby'—he is my pal and a great old sport—begged me to stop on my way and pay a visit to the land of the redskins, at what was known as the largest and most famous ranch in the world. He kept bachelor's hall. It was a tremendous dwelling, surrounded by trees; as far as the eye could reach, a magnificent panorama, a rolling prairie of waving grass; by the riverside a thick forest.

"I tested my prowess with mustang ponies and bucking broncos. To the mustang I gave the reins and let him run, but not so the bronco. As long as he merely stood on his head and butted the air I stayed on, but when he reared on his hind legs and wavered backward, yours truly slid off and landed on her feet just as the vicious brute fell on his back and had to be shot. In the language of Adelina Patti on her annual American tours. 'It was positively my last appearance.'

"Continuing the sport of that section, however, with my maid I went gunning for game. We crossed the river. On our return the stream had risen. We were desperate. A night in that forest with with beasts and the redskins was terrible to contemplate. Suddenly an Indian canoe came in sight. The Indians were friendly with the whites except in an outbreak or after dark, when a wayfarer usually turned up missing.

"Our rescuer proved to be a young Indian chief, tall and commanding, with a full black piercing eye and marvelous Grecian features.

"But war and hunting had lost their charm for him, for his beautiful bride-elect had mysteriously disappeared on her wedding day—stolen by a rival or devoured by the wolves! He was brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. For a year he wandered. Now he was resigned.

"'But she did not have hair like yours,' he said, 'fine like silk; or skin like satin!' He would teach me how to use the bow and arrow. Daily he would join us in the hunt. Once he clipped a lock of my hair. Each day he would bring me some new trophy of his skill in the chase.

"Uncle 'Bobby' was very friendly with the old chief and the Indians; he kept them supplied with firewater. He took me to their hunting lodge. 'Where is Rain-in-the-Face?' he asked. 'Oh,' said the old chief, smoking his pipe, 'the white maiden has named him Red Wings now. He likes the white maiden. See, her hair is weaved in his medicine chest.' Uncle 'Bobby' left instantly.

"'There!' he exclaimed excitedly. 'What do you mean by flirting with an Indian? You will be carried off or snuffed out yet before you leave here.'

"I laughed heartily at the big sixfooter, the gamest man in the west; the only time I ever saw him manifest. 'Absurd!' I exclaimed. 'I was merely jollying the Indian—sorry for him.'

"'What! Jolly an Indian—a savage! I believe you would flirt with the devil with horns!' he exclaimed hotly.

"It was midnight when he called from the piazza. 'Dress and come out. Is that an Indian behind those trees?' It was Red Wings. The next morning we departed.

"When Uncle 'Bobby' returned ten days afterward Red Wings had been missing since we left. For ten days he had been on a carouse.

"What had he intended to do?" asked the flower.

"Carry me off or snuff me out, was the verdict of everyone. It was not unusual. I never went back."

"And poor Red Wings?" asked the flower.

"Found his Indian bride and captured her."

SLIVERS OF THOUGHT.

Byron Williams.

Are you blue today? Count your blessings!

Christmas comes but once a year—but a woman has to fight moths all the time.

The man who asks for the breast of the chicken doesn't always get it, but the man who is content with the neck always gets his.

"When the world comes to an end," says a Colorado editor, "there won't be any more coal bills." Which way are you going, brother?

If a girl merely smiles and says nothing when you tell her you hear she is engaged, she isn't—but if she denies it and gets mad, she is.

A butcher should not be touchy. If a man asks him if he has calves' brains and frogs' legs, he should deny it or admit it, as the case may be.

Anyone knowing of a magazine or newspaper that gives away a nice winter overcoat with a year's subscription, please notify me. I want to subscribe.

Geronimo's History.

The Century.

Far off in the Dragoon mountains, where Captain Red Beard took me to see Cochise in his stronghold, lived the chief of the band of Apache Indians called Geronimo. His Indian name was Go-khla-yeh, but after his first battle with the Mexicans he was called Geronomo, and the name was pronounced after the Spanish fashion, as if it began with an H instead of a G—Heronomi. When this Indian was a young man he went to Mexico to trade blankets, beaded belts and moccasins for things the Indians use, and with him went his wife and many Indian men, women and children. The Indian men made a camp near a small Mexican city and left the women and children there while they went into the town to trade, but while they were gone some white people fired at those left in camp, and when Geronomo came back all his family were dead and everything he had was destroyed. At first Geronomo was so sad that he could not eat or sleep, and wandered about the woods as unhappy as anyone could be; then he began to be angry and wanted to fight all white men, and that is how he first made up his mind to go on the warpath.

Indianian's Pawpaw Orchard.

Indianapolis News.

Jasper W. Thompson has at his home in the east part of Danville what he says is the only cultivated pawpaw orchard in the United States. The trees were planted by Judge John V. Hadley, now on the state supreme bench, fifteen years ago, when he lived in the house occupied by Mr. Thompson. The judge was a great lover of the fruit and conceived the idea of raising his own pawpaws instead of scouring the woods for them. He planted seeds from choice fruit and kept the little trees protected from the sun for three years by putting barrels over them.

They have now been bearing for several years, and this year the thirty-five trees have produced about thirty bushels of pawpaws. Not only is the product of an exceptional size, but the quality is finer than that which grows wild in the woods.

Mr. Thompson has shipped several bushels of his "Indiana bananas" to the Indianapolis market this year, and has a standing offer at a fancy price for all he can furnish.

To Sell His Head for $10,000.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Prof. John Mason Tyler, stone professor of biology at Amherst college and son of America's greatest Greek scholar, is reported to have made an extraordinary compact with scientists of wealth whereby he has sold his head after death for $10,000.

At the college here the report was circulated, and Prof. Tyler was asked for its verification. He declined to make a direct statement, but said that during his student days at Leipzig he believes he made some such agreement.

It is because he is reputed to have the best shaped head in America, with a most extraordinary brain development, that the question becomes of interest to science. All the experts in America are familiar with Prof. Tyler's head, and it is common knowledge that they regard it of great value to the scientific world.

The Things That Remain.

What am I glad will stay when I have passed
From this dear valley of the world, and stand
On yon snow glimmering peaks, and lingering cast
From that dim land
A backward look, and haply stretch my hand,
Regretful, now the wish comes true at last?

Sweet strains of music I am glad will be
Still wandering down the wind, for men will hear
And think themselves from all their care set free,
And heaven near
When summer stars burn very still and clear,
And waves of sound are swelling like the sea.

And I am glad that neither golden sky,
Nor violet lights that linger on the hill,
Nor ocean's wistful blue shall satisfy,
But they shall fill
With wild unrest and endless longing still,
The soul whose hope beyond them all must lie.

And I rejoice that love shall never seem,
So perfect as it ever was to be,
But endlessly that inner haunting dream
Each heart shall see
Hinted in every dawn's fresh purity,
Hopelessly shadowed in each sunset's gleam.

And it is well that when these feet have pressed
The outward path from earth, 'twill not seem sad
To them that stay; but they who love me best
Will be most glad
That such a long unquiet now has had,
At last a gift of perfect peace and rest.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

A school teacher in the Italian quarter of an American city told her children the story of the fox and the grapes. Tony was especially delighted with the story, and eagerly sought his chum, Joe, who was in another class. By good luck, the teacher overheard Tony's version.

In his excited, broken English he told the fable much as it is written, until he came to the end. This was his rendering of the climax:

"De olda fox he say, 'Da grape no good, anyhow; alla sour! I guess I go geta de banan."

Gen. Sheridan used to take delight in telling the following:

"A young man seated at dinner one time said to his wife:

"'Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you. If the devil should lose his tail where would he go to get another one?'

"After some time spent in guessing she gave it up.

"'Well, said he, 'where they retail spirits.'

"Eager to get it off, she hastened to a lady friend with:

"'Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum. Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it. If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?'

"Her friend Marian, having given it up, she said:

"'Where they sell liquor by the glass.'

"Marian couldn't see the point of the joke."

A story is told of a woman living in a lonely part of the Far West, whose husband had one day been away from home much longer than usual. She waited patiently, however, when to her surprise and alarm a band of ruffians rode up and dismounted a little distance from the hut. Approaching her, the leader of the party exclaimed, apologetically:

"We've come to tell yer, ma'am, that we've lynched yer husband. We admit we've hung the wrong man, so you've got the laugh on us there."

An ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher a chance to bring it out.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of Les Miserables, only liveller, you know!"

A Scotchman stood beside the bed of his dying wife, and in tearful accents asked was there anything he could do for her.

"Yes, Sandie," she said, "I'm hoping you'll bury me in Craeburn kirkyard."

"But, my lass," he cried, "only think of the expense! Would ye no be comfortable here in Aberdeen?"

"No, Sandie; I'd no rest in my grave unless I were buried in Craeburn."

"It's too much you're askin'," said the loving husband, "and I cannot promise ye ony such thing."

"Then, Sandie, I'll no give you ony peace until my bones are at rest in my native parish."

"Ah, weel, Maggie," said he, "I'll just gie ye a three-month trial in Aberdeen an' see how ye get along."

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend, says Judge.

"Now dear," said her mother, "when you are leaving you must bid Marian's mamma good-night and tell her you have had a very pleasant time."

When the little girl returned her mother asked if she had done as she told her.

"Not 'zactly, mamma," was the reply. "Marian took the biggest piece of apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me; but I told her mother good-night, and said I guessed Marian had a very pleasant time."

There is a certain western congressman whose boundless affability and habitual absent-mindedness have occasionally led him into absurd mistakes. One day, during his last campaign, as he stepped from the train at the station of his home town after an arduous two weeks of stumping and "glad handing," his little daughter rushed up to him and kissed him. The congressman beamed upon her with a proud and tender parental eye.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't my little Alberta!" Then he added, mechanically, "And how is your dear old father?"

James H. Birch has organized in New York a new club, the Circumnavigators. No one who has not made a complete circuit of the world is eligible for membership.

Mr. Birch, a great traveler, was talking about travel in Burlington. The cannibalism that once prevailed amongst the South Sea Islanders suggested a cannibal story to him, and he said:

"A man once went to the circus. Near the main entrance to the circus there was a side show, and a vast and brilliant oil painting portrayed, in all its horrors, a cannibal feast—corpses cooking over fires, nude natives squatted in a circle, holding to their mouths grilled forearms, hands, and such like delicacies. A genuine cannibal, the poster said, was to be seen within.

"Paying a dime, the man entered. The cannibal, very lightly clad, sat with crossed legs on a divan, languidly toying with a spear. His teeth were filed.

"The visitor was a man of markedly religious temperament, and he gazed at the cannibal with horror.

"'Is this really a cannibal?' he asked the showman.

"'You bet he is,' the showman answered. 'Do you know how he was captured? That great living curiosity was captured, sir, in the act of boiling an aged Baptist minister over a slow fire.'

"'Then convert him,' the visitor cried. 'Oh, my friend, why don't you convert him?'

"The showman made a gesture of disgust.

"'Convert him!' he said. 'Do you think the public would pay a dime a head to see a Christian?'"

The Armourdale police are predicting a long, hard winter, says the Kansas City Star.

"What do you judge by—the thickness of the goose's breastbone or the number of shucks on the corn?" was asked.

"Neither," said the officers, "but by the number of garments on the hoboes. The other day we caught one in the Rock Island yards who wore six shirts, three pairs of trousers, four vests, two coats and a waiter's jumper."

Varieties

A four-foot coal seam yields 6,000 tons an acre.

The blind population of Great Britain is about 40,000.

China uses a great deal of lead, principally for lining tea chests.

More than fifty organizations exist in Spain for the study of Esperanto.

Out of each one hundred inhabitants in New York City sixty-one are married.

The human eye can discern an object as small as 1,625 of an inch in diameter.

American rubber boots and shoes are finding a good market in southern China.

It is said that the Parisian gives up about 20 per cent. of his income for taxes.

The same force that moves a ton along a highway will pull a 32-ton canal boat.

Railroads will lose $1,000,000 annually if government, as planned, adopts short line mileage as basis of pay.

Suffragettes, when fined in London for demonstration in parliament, scorn to pay and choose to go to prison.

The Chinese government has decided to increase the duty on cigarets—a rapidly growing import of that empire.

Convicted jury briber in case of Abraham Ruef, of San Francisco, tells in court how he was promised $10,000 if he would not confess.

Robert S. Waddell, testifying in New York, says that the powder combine cut prices and sent spies and detectives into his plant at Peoria.

Prince Henry of Prussia takes a trip with Count Zeppelin, steers the airship himself part of the time and thoroughly enjoys a ride of several hours.

Gas engines are rapidly replacing the steam engine in smaller factories. They give twice as much power for the same quantity of fuel.

The cinematograph can be used for recording every step in surgical operations and for showing the whole process to a large class of students.

Frederick W. Weyerhaeuser, the millionaire lumberman, tells congressional wood pulp committee that forest fires constitute the greatest menace to timber.

Letters from wife to Captain Peter Hains are read

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2152—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. An excellent model, which will develop well in almost any material. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1902—Ladies' Shirtwaist or Slip with Peplum, Front or Back Closing and Long or Elbow Sleeves. Silk or any of the thin materials are adaptable to this little slip. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2602—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, Closing with Buttons Down Left Side of Front and Having Habit Back. A very good model for broadcloth, to be worn as a separate skirt or part of a suit. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2522—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Flare Skirt, with a Double Box-Plait at Front and an Inverted Box-Plait at Center-Back Seam. A very pretty model for Panama cloth, broadcloth or serge. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2509—Girl's and Child's Apron. Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook or jaconet with lace or embroidery insertion and edging make this a charming little apron. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2583—Girl's and Child's Russian Dress, closing at left side of front. Developed in dark green serge, this is a simple and serviceable little frock for every-day and school wear. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2417—Girl's Russian Dress. A pretty little model for challis, serge or flannel. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2470—Girl's and Child's Apron. Heavy linen, percale or Indian head cotton are adaptable to this model. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2128—Child's Box-Plaited Dress, closing at left side of front. This is a pretty model for serge flannel or any of the mixed woolen materials. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2337—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist with front yoke and three-quarter length sleeves. Black satin with yoke of all over cream colored lace was used for the development of this charming little model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2533—Ladies' House Dress with waist having seamless yoke and long or three-quarter sleeves and an attached five-gored skirt. Cashmere, challis, flannel or flannelette are mostly used for this charming garment. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2616—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with Dutch neck and elbow sleeves. Light blue challis has been used for this little sack, the front is attached to the yoke band of cream colored lace, similar lace forming the armbands on the elbow sleeves. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2535—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, closed at back with three-quarter sleeves and a removable shield. This pretty little model was developed in red cashmere with yoke and cuffs of all-over cream colored lace. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2586—Ladies' Five-Gored Plaited Skirt. Developed in plain or striped cheviot, serge, broadcloth or Venetian cloth. This is an extremely stylish model, 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1958—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at centre-back seam and fan-plaits at lower part of the other seams. This is an excellent model for voile or serge. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2595—Boy's Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers. Mole colored broadcloth was used for this jaunty little Russian suit.

2098—Girls' Dress with Plaited Skirt. Dark red cloth was used for the development of this jaunty little frock, though it is adaptable to serge, challis, cashmere or mohair. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2534—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with seven-eighths length sleeves and with or without detached Dutch collar. Heavy linen, madras or cashmere is adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2108—Child's Coat with body and sleeves in one. A pretty little model for velvet, broadcloth, bengaline or flannel. 4 sizes —½ to 5 years.

2619—Girls' Three-Button Cutaway Coat in seven-eighths length. A good model for any of the season's coatings. 5 sizes —6 to 14 years.

2103—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist with long or elbow sleeves. Black taffeta with collar, belt and cuffs of plaid taffetas was used in the development of this dainty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2590—Ladies' Princess Apron in Suspender or Bib Style. Every sort of dainty material is used for these charming aprons. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2533—Misses' Jumper Dress, consisting of a Tucked Jumper, an attached four-gored skirt, and a separate guimp having long or three-quarter length sleeves. This is a very pretty model for any of the cheap, light materials to be worn as an evening dress or may be developed in serge or mohair for every-day wear. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2592—Ladies' Bath Robe with sleeves in bishop or flowing style. Canton or French flannel, bath toweling, flannelette or silk quilting may be used for the development of this simple but becoming robe. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

$45,000 NEGRO CHURCH

Will Be Dedicated, Free of Debt, in Cleveland.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—What will probably be the finest edifice used by a negro congregation in Ohio is nearing completion on E. 40th street, just north of Central avenue, for St. John's African Methodist church, which for years has occupied an old frame building on E. 9th street, near Central avenue. It will cost $45,000 and will be ready for occupancy by about Christmas.

The old church was sold about a year ago to the late Benjamin Rose, who wanted the site for a sixteen story building to be a monument to his son Albert. About $60,000 was paid for it.

Within a few days Bishop W. B. Derrick, of New York, will come to Cleveland and arrange with the pastor of the congregation, Rev. Ira A. Collins, for the dedicatory exercises, which will be on an elaborate scale.

The church is of brick with stone trimmings and is of attractive design. The main auditorium, with a seating capacity of 1,200 and a Sunday school room occupy the main floor. There is a good sized balcony around the auditorium. In the large basement arrangements have been made for a pastor's study, entertainment room and kitchen. Music will be furnished with a $3,000 pipe organ.

A unique feature about the church is that it will start entirely free from debt and that it will have an income independent of the offerings of the congregation. With the money received from the sale of the old church the congregation has purchased a four family flat building next door and will get rent from it. A large barn will also be converted into living rooms and it is thought that the revenue received from these two buildings will fully meet the cost of maintenance.

W. C. T. U. FIGHTS CANNON

Churches Commended for Their Stand Against Speaker.

Denver, Oct. 29.—The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention yesterday adopted a resolution commending the efforts of the churches to defeat the re-election of Joseph G. Cannon as a member of congress "because of his persistent opposition to the many reform measures which have been proposed by intelligent bodies."

The convention also adopted a resolution pledging itself to suppress every cruelty and urging humane education in the public schools.

The convention ended last night.

COURT ROOM CONFESSION

Follows Conviction in San Francisco Bribery Case.

San Francisco, Oct. 30.—Standing in the shadow of the penitentiary with sentence about to be passed upon him and having seen his young wife just led from the court room hysterically crying "No, no," E. A. S. Blake, a contractor convicted of attempting to bribe John M. Kelly to qualify on the jury to try Abraham Ruef, and vote for Ruef's acquittal, made a full confession yesterday.

Blake said that as he was arrested on a charge of bribery, Frank J. Murphy, Ruef's associate counsel, came to him and promised him $10,000 if he would keep quiet. He said that notes for $10,000, purporting to be signed by Ruef, were delivered to a third party, to be paid to Blake immediately after he was sentenced if he were convicted of bribery. Besides this amount, Blake declared, his wife was to receive $100 a month while he was in the penitentiary.

The story told by Blake created consternation in court, and the case was continued for two weeks.

90 PRISONERS IN CAMP

Crusade Against Night-Riders Almost Over.

Camp Nemo, Tenn., Oct. 29.—There are more than ninety prisoners in camp here. It is practically certain that the most important night riders are now under guard, although the soldiers do not expect to go home for some time. A heavy guard is watching every movement of the suspects.

Last night Captain Zopfit, of Nashville, with a small squad of men, went to the home of "Bob" Haffman and forced him to get out of bed and accompany them to camp. He is believed to be a prisoner of importance.

A report has reached here that James Dunn, night watchman at the Oblon Cooperage company, was knocked senseless last night by three men to whom he refused permission to sleep in the boiler room. Whether they were night riders is not known.

OHIO MINE BOARD MEETS

Seek to Reduce Danger to Life and Property.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 30.—Members of the Ohio mining commission arrived last night for a series of experiments at the United States government's experimental station, established in this city for the purpose of scientifically reducing the danger to life and property in the coal mining industry.

The Ohio commission, whose members were entertained by the German club at a luncheon and informal reception, is

RUSSIA HAS ULTIMATUM

About to Send Note to Austria, Is Report.

Paris, Nov. 2.—A Berlin dispatch to the Petit Parisien, says it is rumored in diplomatic circles that Russia is about to send an ultimatum to Austria-Hungary and is making preparations for a hasty mobilization.

HOUNDS FIND HUNTER.

Dies Near Spot Where Companion Was Found Dead.

Green River Hot Springs, Wash., Oct. 28.—Lying face downward beside a fallen tree near the spot where the body of his hunting companion, Julius Kumle, was found Sunday, the body of Fred W. Kloeber was discovered yesterday by aid of bloodhounds on Roostercombe range.

The position of the body indicated that he stumbled over a log and struck his head on a fir tree, breaking his neck. When found he was lying on his face, his gun under him. His face was bruised and his jaw dislocated.

12 NIGHT RIDERS CAUGHT

More Prisoners Taken from Reelfoot Lake.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 2.—Twelve prisoners, alleged to be night-riders, were brought from Reelfoot Lake to Nashville yesterday and are confined in the Davidson county jail The men include Garrett Johnson, Tom Johnson, Roy Ransom, Bob Huffman, Sam Applewhite, Tom Whitson, Jess Carter and Elijah Sloan.

15,000 MILE TRIP DIDN'T WEAR OFF TAFT'S SMILE

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Judge William H. Taft rested from his labors yesterday. He attended morning church service at the First Presbyterian church with Ansley Wilcox, a long time personal friend, at whose home President Roosevelt took the oath of office after the death of President McKinley; went to the Wilcox home for luncheon, and later devoted some time to his correspondence.

Traveled 15,000 Miles.

The decision arrived at by Judge Taft while at Hot Springs, Va., in August, to go out and meet the American voter face to face, has resulted in the travel of the Taft special for 15,000 miles. From the Dakotas to Tennessee; from Colorado to Connecticut, through twenty-three states, the candidate has preached his cause and the Republican doctrine. His journeys have been almost unbroken; he has traveled day and night. But the Taft smile was as broad and infectuous as ever.

"I feel a little weary, but in as good physical condition as ever in my by the judge.

Strain Was Great.

That the strain has been great and the work wearisome there is ample evidence. Judge Taft's special train has been in charge of Colonel Daniel Ransell, whose good nature, combined with the consenting abilities of Judge Taft, has been responsible for the victory of many a local committee which demanded an extra stop and an extra speech from the candidate.

Wherever Judge Taft went and whatever he said was made available to the press through Gus J. Karger, his publicity agent.

LETTER STOPS WEDDING

Anonymous Writer Says Groom Has Divorced Wife.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 29.—While hundreds of friends were assembled in the Church of the Precious Blood in this city yesterday to witness the marriage of George E. Allen and Miss Frances McVey, it developed that Rev. C. Hummer, the pastor who was to have officiated, had received from Conneaut, Ohio, an anonymous letter declaring that Allen had a divorced wife living in that city.

The Catholic church forbids the marriage of divorced persons, and Rev. Father Hummer declined to proceed with the ceremony until the matter had been investigated. Allen declared that the charge was false, and in his application for marriage license he had made an affidavit in which it is set forth that he had never been wedded.

The wedding ceremony was postponed, and Allen and John McVey, a brother of the intended bride, left last evening for Conneaut to investigate the matter.

EIGHT SETS OF TWINS AT NORWALK PARTY.

Norwalk, Oct. 28.—An unique event that occurred in this city was a birthday party for children, at which were present eight sets of twins, of whom three sets reside within call of each other on Cortland street, and three on North Hester street.

The party was given for Martin and Marion Hill, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hill, in honor of their eighth birthday anniversary. Beside the Hill children other twins present were:

Fred and Florence Hoyt, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hoyt.

Ruth and Rea Cole, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cole.

Charles and Florence Price, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Price.

Kenneth and Genneth Normile, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Normile.

Clarence and Lawrence Clark, sons of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Clark.

Clayton and Clara Raffath, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Raffath.

Donald and Delwin Bergstrom, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bergstrom.

MORSE TRIAL NEARING END

Case Will Be Submitted to Jury Tuesday.

New York, Nov. 2.—The trial of Charles W. Morse, financier and promoter, and Alfred H. Curtis, former president of the National Bank of North America, on charges of violating the national banking law, entered upon its final stage today. The presentation of evidence had been practically concluded when the criminal branch of the United States court where the trial is in progress, adjourned on Saturday. Today was to be devoted to closing arguments by the prosecution and the defense, and tomorrow, after Judge Hough has instructed the jurors on the points of law involved, the case will be submitted to the jury.

MAN KILLED FROM AMBUSH

Had Been Active in Fight Against Saloons.

Charleston, W. Va., Oct. 29.—Grafton Starbuck, 45, a miller of Gauley Bridge, was shot and instantly killed as he was leaving his home, by an unknown assassin, who was in ambush near by.

Mr. Starbuck was active in the recent fight against saloons in Fayette county, and it is said that his life had been threatened on this account. It is known that the murdered man has been afraid of trouble since the county has been "dry."

CELEBRATION IN BOSTON.

Catholics Observe Centennial Anniversary of the Diocese.

Boston, Oct. 28.—With most of the highest officials of the Catholic church prelacy in America as active participators or interested spectators in the impressive ceremonials of a solemn pontificial mass, of which Most Rev. Dimede Falconio, papal delegate to Washington, was the celebrant, the five days' observance of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the diocese of Boston was begun in the cathedral of the Holy Cross today.

Archbishop William H. O'Connell of the Boston diocese, in his office of preacher, offered "thanksgiving for the blessings God has granted us during these first hundred years of Boston's existence as a diocese."

CORNMAN CASE TAKEN UP

Court-Martial of Capt. French Concluded Yesterday.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 30.—The trial of Captain Chas. T. French before a court-martial at Fort Wayne on the charge of appropriating government forage to other than government uses was finished yesterday afternoon. At the conclusion of the arguments the twelve members of the court went into secret consultation. Their verdict will not be made known to the defense or the public until it has been forwarded to the war department at Washington for approval.

The case of Col. Daniel Cornman, commander of the seventh infantry, was taken up by the court-martial this morning, the same alleged illegal issue of government forage being also the basis of Col. Cornman's case.

FREE FINE SILK EMBOSSED POST CARDS IN COLORS

A set of 8 most beautiful postcards you ever saw, if you send stamp for postage. Full set of 10 Silk Embossed Birthday, Flower, Christmas and Greeting Cards, lovely designs in beautiful colors, for 10c; 30 cards, all different, 25c. No cheap stuff. Everyone answering this ad immediately will also receive our splendid family magazine 3 mos. on trial with each small order or one year with each 25c order. Valley Farmer, 16 Copper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

HEART TORN INTO SHREDS

Carelessness Cost Young Michigan Hunter His Life.

Bay City, Mich., Nov. 2.—Carelessness in handling his gun yesterday cost Charles Wilbur, 20 years old, son of a prominent farmer living thirteen miles west of this city, his life.

Wilbur, with his brother, Appleton, and three friends was hunting with a ferret about a mile from his home. The ferret went into a hole under a stump and Charles Wilbur placed his gun against the stump. He was on the opposite side when the ferret came out, and reaching over the stump he caught his gun by the muzzle. The hammer of the weapon caught on the edge of the stump, discharging both barrels. The charges of shot struck Wilbur in the chest, tearing his lungs and heart to pieces. He died in a few minutes.

WIND WAGON COLLAPSES

Dr. J. P. Thomas Meets With Accident in New York.

New York, Nov. 2.—While experimenting yesterday with his wind wagon, Dr. Julian P. Thomas, met with an accident which at the time was believed by several hundred spectators to be fatal.

Dr. Thomas saw in his path a motor cycle. In attempting to swerve the fore part of the wind wagon collapsed and Dr. Thomas was pinned to the earth under the rear portion of the apparatus and the heavy machinery.

He was carried to the club rooms unconscious and remained in that state for several minutes. Physicians decided he had suffered no internal injuries.

The accident was seen by Dr. Thomas' wife and son.

NO BLOCKADE ORDERED

Holland Defers Action Until Castro Replies.

The Hague, Nov. 2—No blockade of the ports of Venezuela by the Netherlands government yet has been ordered, nor will any definite action be taken until the government receives the official text of President Castro's reply to the second Dutch note.

As has already been stated, however, Holland is fully prepared for any naval demonstration, including a blockade, that the circumstances may demand.

WRIGHTS HAVE A RIVAL.

Dayton Stenographer Makes Flight in Aeroplane.

Dayton, Oct. 28.—Frank J. Heinfelt yesterday made a successful flight of 1,500 feet with an aeroplane materially differing from that of the Wright Brothers in that in this machine the single plane principle is used, the Wright machine having double plane surfaces.

Although hitherto unknown in the aeronautic world, Heinfelt has built three previous machines, paying his expenses out of his slender salary as a stenographer. His motor was given him by a friend who took it out of an old automobile. The flight yesterday was terminated by a lack of skill on the part of the manipulator, who brought the machine to the ground too suddenly, breaking one of the wings.

WITNESS ENDS HIS LIFE

Preferred Death to Making Exposures on Stand.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 29.—Matthew Morton, secretary of the Manchester water department, the city across the river, committed suicide today by stabbing himself to the heart with a knife.

There had been a scandal in the water department and the superintendent, Charles H. Sharpe, is under indictment for misappropriation of funds.

Morton was to have testified against him today, and it is thought that brooding over the exposures he would have to make caused him to take his life.

CONGRATULATE ROOSEVELT

Birthday Greetings Sent By 250 Ministers.

Washington, Oct. 29.—Among the telegrams which the President received yesterday congratulating him upon his birthday was the following from Bishop Derrick, of the A. M. E. church at Pittsburg: "Two hundred and fifty ministers within my episcopal diocese unite with me in sending greetinges on this your 50th anniversary, and shall ever pray that the brilliancy of your career may continue to grow brighter until life's run shall set without a cloud."

1907 MINERAL PRODUCTS.

Washington, Oct. 29.—A grand total of $2,069,289,196 worth of mineral products in the United States is announced in the statistical summary for the calendar year 1907, issued today by the geological survey.

Of this amount $1,166,165,191 were non-metallic, $903,024,005 metallic and $100,000 non specified. The mineral products for the previous year aggregated $1,934,897,944.

Free to Boys

This Magic Lantern **is complete in every detail,** including a special large reflector, curved Russian iron chimney, non-explosive lamp, and fine glass chimney. **It has two special strong telescopic lenses,** so that the pictures are brought out large and clear and distinct. **I also include 60 pictures,** all different in colors, and give an **instruction book,** telling how to get up an entertainment and how to give a lecture. You can give an entertainment lasting an hour to an hour and a half and charge an admission fee. **The Magic Lantern alone** would be a big present for the little service I ask. But, **in addition,** for no extra work, but just for **prompt reply to this offer** and prompt work, I give a complete scroll saw outfit, as follows:

Scroll Saw Extra

With this outfit any boy can have amusement and earn money making brackets, card cases, handkerchief boxes, jewel cases, easels, photo frames, doll furniture, and hundreds of other things. Complete outfit furnished, including 6 blades, 15 patterns and all tools.

FREE OFFER I give this great MAGIC LANTERN OUTFIT, also SCROLL SAW, to any boy (or young man) who will show my fine offer to only 15 neighbors and get them to accept it at only 15 cents each, and send me the $2.40 collected. It costs nothing to try, as I send my outfit and full instructions without a cent in advance, and if you don't succeed there is no harm done. Try it anyway. The boys everywhere are delighted. The magic lantern and scroll saw are magnificent, so why not get them as one as they will not cost you one cent of your own money? Send your name and address at once and I will send you my free outfit, all charges paid, immediately on hearing from you. Write today. My work so easy you can do it in a few hours.

GEORGE HARVEY, Pres., Dept. 103, 46-48 W. Monroe St., Chicago

POISONOUS GAS KILLS 50

Half Hundred Dead as Result of Oil Fire.

New Orleans, Oct. 30.—A cable from Mexico City says: Reports from Tampico show that more than fifty lives have been lost in the oil fields as a result of the poisonous gases emitting from the big hole in the ground caused by the recent fire.

Following the death of a score of men a few days ago, another party went into the field and it is said thirty men perished, among the dead being several soldiers sent to the scene by the Mexican government. The government has called upon the most eminent scientists in Mexico to go to the scene and investigate the situation.

IDENTIFIED BY VICTIM

Ann Arbor Graduate Charged With Mutilating Boy.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 29.—Alva E. Lyon, graduate of the 1897 "Lit" class of the University of Michigan, and son of a deacon in the Congregational church at Ann Arbor, has been positively identified by 6-year-old Mello Otto Thibodeau as the man who assaulted and terribly mutilated him Saturday noon, after enticing him to a vacant house at 55-57 Commonwealth avenue.

Lyon was released from the Eastern Michigan insane asylum for the insane at Pontiac, only two weeks ago. He was sent to the asylum after attacking his father with a butcherknife in the spring of 1906. He was committed May 3, 1906.

Lyon says that he has been employed by the Gately Publishing company, of Chicago, as a book agent. He came here October 19 from his parents' home, a mile and a quarter west of Ann Arbor. He was arrested at a rooming house at 208½ Michigan avenue.

GRAPES RUIN ON VINES

Hundreds of Tons Will Not Be Picked This Year.

Sandusky, Oct. 29.—Because the wine-growers of this section have decided not to make as much wine tuis year as they did last, hundreds of tons of grapes in the vineyards in this section remain unpicked from the vines and have been left to ruin by the growers who cannot sell them.

The winemakers sent their buyers to the vineyards with instructions to buy lightly and at low prices and the grapes which were bought are nearly all in the press houses.

On Kelley's Island, the grape growers will suffer the largest losses. The crop of grapes this year on the island has been about as large as those of former years and the growers expected to sell all of it.

The local option wave is believed to be the cause for the action of winemen, although many are of the opinion that the recent "hard times" has something to do with it. The winemakers when questioned about the matter simply say they "secured all the grapes they wanted this year."

17 COMPANIES ARE SUED

Insurance Concerns in Arkansas Prosecuted.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 31.—Seventeen insurance companies are named as defendants in a suit filed yesterday by Attorney General Kirby, seeking the cancellation of the licenses of the companies and the assessment of penalties aggregating $1,190,000.

It is alleged the companies have violated a legislative act prohibiting the formation of a combine to fix and maintain rates and commissions to be paid agents.

TROUBLE OVER IN KOREA

Thirteenth Division of Japanese Army Leaves.

Seoul, Nov. 2.—The Thirteenth division of the Japanese army, after having been on duty here since the outbreak of hostilities with the Koreans, is embarking for Japan. This action is taken as significant of the termination of the trouble, although a number of irreconcilables continue to create disturbances.

PROMINENT IRISHMAN DEAD

P. Shelley O'Ryan Dies at Chicago Home.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—P. Shelley O'Ryan, a member of the Chicgo board of education and prominent in Irish public life during the Lnd League agitation, died at his home in this city today, aged 47. He was born in Ireland and served a term in prison there for his political activity.

Men Wanted Quickly By Big Chicago Mail Order House to distribute catalogues, advertise, etc. $25.00 a week. $60.00 expense allowance first month. No experience required. MANAGER, Dept. 28 388 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

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MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Matrimonial Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 85c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 390—21 W. Adams St., Chicago.

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MARRY Best plan on earth. Nothing like it. Photos of every lady member published with description. Many beautiful, wealthy, etc, Act quick. The Pilot, Dept. 29, Marshall, Mich.

AMERICAN WAR SONGS, nothing like it ever published before for the money, contains all the old songs we used to sing, besides Confederate and old time darkey songs, with several pages statistics. Money gladly refunded if not satisfactory. Send 4c for sample copy, or 10c for 3. A. M. Woolson, Toledo, O. We pay postage.

$15 TO ANY LADY for 15 hours' canvassing; send pastor's name as reference. Union Publishing Co., G. 177, Dayton, Ohio.

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ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D., Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

LET ME CURE YOU OF ASTHMA

Asthma sufferers write me that they were driven almost frantic by attacks of asthma, gasping for breath and suffocation. Could not lie down in bed. Had to be propped up in a chair and lost their sleep, strength and weight. Tried one remedy and doctor after another, inhalers, smokes and douches until my remedy positively cured them. I have cured scores of others. If you want relief at once send me your name and address and the names of other sufferers, address T. GORHAM, 626 Shepard Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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COMER BURNED IN EFFIGY

People Angry Because Governor Ignored Their Wishes

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 2.—A special from Scottsborough, Ala., says the people of Larkinsville, Ala., held a meeting last night and burned Gov. Comer in effigy. Their indignation was aroused over the refusal of the governor to appoint Walker McCutcheon, son of Judge W. W. McCutcheon, to the probate judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge McCutcheon.

SAYS AMERICANS PERMIT AN ANNUAL LOSS OF $800,000,000

New York, Oct. 28.—William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon societies, declared at the annual meeting of the association in the American Museum of Natural History yesterday that Americans were robbing posterity and permitting an annual loop loss of $800,000,000, due to destruction of insect-eating birds. He called for a fund to fight the commercial bird killers in every state legislature.

"If we permit the heritage of wild birds that still exist to be further wasted and destroyed we are robbing our children," Mr. Dutcher told the delegates. "The public, as trustees, are in honor bound to preserve these wild birds for those that follow us. We do not wish our children to feel about us as we do about our fathers, who permitted the wanton and useless extinction of the bison and wild pigeon. In the matter of bird legislation there is no resting place; the only price of satisfactory bird protection is eternal watching of legislatures for, in an unguarded moment, an amendment may be passed that will undo the work of years."

ELEVEN ROADS COMPLAIN

Chicago Court Takes Rate Case Under Advisement.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—Judges Baker, Grossup and Seaman, in the United States circuit court, today took under advisement the complaint of eleven railroads operating between Chicago and the Missouri river, against the ruling of the interstate commerce commission, reducing the rates between the Mississippi river and the Missouri river by nine cents a hundred pounds when applied to through transportation from the Atlantic seaboard.

MRS. ERB, A WRECK, FREE

Widow of Murdered Man Unnerved by Experience.

Media, Pa., Nov. 2.—Counsel for Mrs. Clayton Erb, who is charged with being an accessory to the murder of her husband, Captain J. Clayton Erb, entered $500 bail and was released from custody. It is understood a trust company gave security for Mrs. Erb. Her destination was not made public. Mrs. Erb's counsel said she was almost in a state of collapse as the result of her experience.

DUCHESS IN AN AIRSHIP

Count Zeppelin Makes Flight Over Constance.

Friedrichshafen, Nov. 2.—Count Zeppelin made a successful trip in his new airship today around the lake of Constance. He was accompanied by several women, including Duchess Vera of Wurtemberg, and his own daughter. The airship was aloft for one hour.

TWO DIE IN EXPLOSION

Two Dozen Houses Were Leveled to Ground.

Gadsden, Ala., Oct. 29.—Two men dead, one missing and four injured is the result of a dynamite explosion at the Hammond mines last night.

Twenty-four miners' houses in the vicinity of the explosion were leveled to the ground and many others were damaged.

The fire department was fighting a fire in a house located near the mine magazine. Hundreds of spectators were standing near when the explosion occurred and every one within a wide radius was hurled to the ground. Stones were blown entirely through the body of Keil and no trace can be found of Hood. Miners had been drawing explosives from the magazine, but no one seems able to account for the explosion. A number of women and children standing near the fire were slightly injured.

WOMEN'S ASYLUM BURNED

150 Patients in Rome, N. Y., Institution in Peril.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Ward building B, of the state custodial asylum for feeble minded women, was burned yesterday. There were about 150 patients in the building, including the old and decrepit, about thirty of whom were confined to beds. All the sick and helpless were safely removed. It will cost $100,000 to replace the burned building and $25,000 to furnish it. The state carried no insurance on the property.

CARRIES SOUND 40 MILES

Naval Experts Experiment With Wireless Telephony.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Examinations by naval experts in wireless telephony as to the sound which will carry the greatest distance, develops that the steam siren under seventy-two pounds of steam will emit a blast which may be heard forty miles. Next comes the steam whistle, the sound of which is carried twenty miles. The whistling buoy, installed under the lighthouse board, is frequently heard fifteen miles.

40,000 IN CHURCH PARADE

Founding of Diocese of Boston Is Celebrated.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 2.—What was probably the greatest parade of a religious character in the history of New England brought to a close yesterday the centenary celebration of the founding of the Roman Catholic diocese of Boston. Fully 40,000 men, with 150 priests, participated, marching to the music of 100 bands. The parade was reviewed by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop William H. O'Connell.

PAYS MILLION BY RUSE

No Money Exchanged in Insurance Deal.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Albert M. Johnson, head of the National Life Insurance Company of the United States, in a hearing before Master in Chancery Zeisler yesterday told how a $1,000,000 check was manipulated by him and his associate, when they acquired the charter of the company.

Mr. Johnson said he and his associates paid a million for the assets and business of the company in 1902, and that payment was made by check.

"Is it not a fact," asked Attorney D. K. Tone, "that you drew a check for $1,000,000, to be paid to yourself, and that the payment of $1,000,000 was made by the ruse of arranging with the Federal Trust and Savings bank for the nominal use of this $1,000,000 for a few hours?" asked Attorney Tone.

"Well, the check was signed by me and one other officer of each company," Mr. Johnson answered.

"But no money ever passed in the so-called payment?" the lawyer persisted.

"The plan was to buy up the old company with this $1,000,000 payment, which $1,000,000 was to be turned over to the old company as a dividend."

"Did not the so-called payment of $1,000,000 instantly find its way back into the hands of you and your associates?"

"Everything that was done was according to the prearranged plan for the purchase."

Mr. Johnson declined to say how much money the company had on deposit.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so,
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.

MONDAY

May this day be to us a time of real soul expansion; a wooing and a winning of that which is highest, even a purer, nobler character.

TUESDAY

Conquer hardship by patience, despair by hope, fear by courage, and hate by love.

WEDNESDAY

Nothing can lessen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and devotion endures.

THURSDAY

When wrong seems to triumph, know that it is already perishing, and hold hard by truth and love and faith.

FRIDAY

May we see the best which shall be in the day; its love of friends, its sights of beauty, its music, its wisdom such as no day before could possess, its voices of the Spirit awaiting the listening ear, its tears of compassion and sympathy.

SATURDAY

The clouds but cover the sunshine;
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done;
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

ABOUT CHILDREN

THE BEST PHILOSOPHER.

"Children and fools," we say, "tell the truth." But while the fool speaks the truth through accident or ignorance, the child often speaks it by virtue of his instinctive reading of character. The 5-year-old boy may be a better practical psychologist than his mother.

A feminine caller regaled Jack's mother with the village gossip, and interspersed it with rather acid comments on the minister, the teacher, the church soprano and the family cook. One and all were found wanting in her judgment. As she talked, Jack listened. At last she noticed him, standing before her, his eyes fastened upon her gloomy face.

"Jack," said she, "I don't like little boys who stare!"

He gravely continued to look at her, and replied, after due consideration:

"You don't seem to like much of anything!"

So the child's instinct pricked the bubble of the woman's critical ill nature.

"Why don't you go to play at Willie Morgan's house?" asked a friend of the small Donald.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "my mamma likes noise; but Willie's mamma only pretends to like it when she has company—and sometimes she forgets she's pretending."

It is evidently not worth while to "pretend" with this penetrating child.

Two small brothers were invited—happy pair!—to take tea with a large-hearted and lonely spinster. On their return they were questioned:

"Were you good boys, Russell?"

"Yes, mother, we were."

"Were you polite?"

"Yes, we were, sure! We hugged her a good deal and kissed her a good deal, and ate up all her supper!"

What could be more gracious politeness than this? And where should we look for more wholesome truth telling or keener human knowledge than may be found in him whom Wordsworth wisely called "Thou Best Philosopher, Thou Little Child?"

THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

If the little folks have been drafted into service through the summer in caring for the flock, it is not only unjust but dishonest to force a dissolution of partnership when the cash returns are at hand. Aside from the gross injustice, the great lesson of handling the profits will be lost. Teach the children how to handle the crop which they have grown, and convert it into cash at the best advantage.

First, there is the stock to be reserved for next year. And unless there is some weighty reason for doing otherwise the special pet of the little one should be reserved as a part of his or her assets. Consult the wishes of the children in the disposal of all individuals with which they are concerned, advising, and as far as is consistent adhering to their preferences.

Talk over prices with them; convert the probable market tendencies into terms which they will understand. If Aunt Mary is to have a Christmas present of a big gobbler let them have a share in the credit. If the fowls are dressed at home, let them help about the picking. They may want some of the wings or feathers to make into acceptable presents for city cousins.

When the sales are consummated share the money honestly, allowing them full pay for the work done. It is this having the little chicks for their very own and then seeing them grow up into fowls that are mamma's and papa's which discourages young people on the farm.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A BIT OF DESCRIPTION.

I have been a most interested reader of the Cozy Corner for about a year, and I could not resist the editor's invitation for more letters. The Blade, itself, is like an old friend as it is the first newspaper I can remember. My parents took it when I was a little child, and a great many of my mother's stories were from The Blade. And the poetry! Whenever we children had to have a recitation at school, The Blade was our first resort. I am 23 years old now, am married and have a dear, little girl nearly two years old. I think, from all indications, she will be as fond of stories as I was, and I, too, will have to go to The Blade.

As I am just a young housekeeper, I cannot tell the sisters anything that would be of assistance, for I look very closely for things that will be helpful to me from someone who has had more experience. But I would like to tell you something about our city, as I have never seen any letters to the Cozy Corner from Akron, Ohio.

Akron is chiefly a manufacturing city of 62,000 inhabitants, and is also the seat of Buchtel College. Its chief beauty lies in the lakes which surround it. Silver lake, six miles north, is a noted picnic resort and is a very beautiful place. Springfield lake, to the east, is the campers' paradise. Sawyerwood, as the campers' village is called, is an ideal place for summer residences. It is laid out in streets, named for the different Indian tribes which formerly frequented this region, and each tribe is represented by campers at the war dances and camp fires held frequently. On the southern boundary of the city, is Summit lake, through which the Ohio canal passes to reach the chain of lakes farther south. The canal starts at Cleveland and empties into the Ohio river. It is fed from Long lake and the reservoirs at the watershed, four miles south of the city, where is also the head of the Tuscarawas river. The feeder is two miles long, and starts from Long lake, the waters being locked into the canal. East and west reservoirs are not joined to Long lake by navigable waters, but are reached by short walks from Long lake. Turkey-Foot lake is joined to both reservoirs by channels which make a pretty ride of several miles in launch or canoe. There are good drives past all the lakes, and several hotels serve excellent meals and fish fries.

The shores of all the lakes are dotted with cottages and summer homes where some live all summer long, going and coming to the city in their own launches, or the passenger boats plying back and forth. I should like to tell you of the beauty of all these lakes, but I have written a great deal now, and I am afraid the editor will not allow me to come again.—Lea Akrona.

Yes, she will. The editor will be very glad to have you come at any time you feel like it.

FROM "NERVY."

This letter was received the first part of August, but it lost itself in some way and has just come to light.—Your Editor.

Listen! I hear the editor's call for Nervy to come out of the tall timber and tell what she is doing, so here I am. It is nearly one year since I last wrote to the Cozy Corner. I have been very busy, but not too busy to read letters written by the sisters. I love the Cozy Corner and the Poets' Corner, and every other corner of The Blade.

This is a busy time with me. Canning time has come again, but who does not love the summer. I love the summer and fall, though there is plenty of work to do.

The past year has not brought many changes, except another little boy for us to love and care for. I still have to economize to clothe my children, and save something to pay on our home. I dress my children plainly. For the little girls' dresses I buy goods that will launder nicely. These look well after a whole summer's wear. The next summer I cut them over for baby. I am raising turkeys this year. I have turkeys, chickens and geese. We have a good garden and many nice flowers. What has become of Otach and Dearie? I was interested in Dearie's letters, in fact I am always interested in all of the sisters' letters. I was married at 16 years of age, but I had lived out as a hired girl before I was married and learned to cook and keep house. I enjoyed reading Mrs. S. F.'s letter very much.—Nervy.

A NEIGHBORLY VISIT.

I have been a reader of the Corner for a long time. I am interested in the letters about children as I have three, a girl of six years, and two boys, one seven years and one two months.

Did any of you ever try canning pie-plant and elderberries, putting about 2-3 pie-plant? It makes nice butter to put through a colander and add sugar and cook down thick.

We live in the country and I do all my own work. I am trying to teach my girl to work, as I could not bake bread when I went to keeping house and had never made even a dress for myself.

I will close now with best wishes to all.—Elouise.

THE PAGE SHE TURNS TO.

I have been a reader of The Blade for the past thirty years, and have thought of writing many times, so now I will make an attempt and tell you how I like to read the Household. It is all so good, that I read it through, and it is about the first page I turn to when I get The Blade.

I will tell you where I live on Yaquina Bay, in Toledo, the county seat of Lincoln Co., Oregon, nine miles from Newport by land, and fourteen by rail or boat. We are on quite a high elevation and can see the boats and cars.

Newport is a great resort in the summer. The trains are crowded going and coming twice a day, with people going down to the ocean beach to pick up pearls. Some camp out all summer. The ocean tide comes up as far as Toledo, and fourteen miles farther. The climate is pleasant here, both in summer and winter. We have no bad storms of any kind. Yours in friendship.—A Soldier's Wife.

Thank you, for the leaf and moss enclosed in your letter. They had a sweet fragrance.—Editor.

A NEW MEMBER.

My husband takes The Blade and I have been reading it for two years. I have often thought I would join you and say a few words. Some of your letters describe me so well that I almost look to see if my name is at the end. I feel that I have been benefited and revived by much that you have written.

I live in Braxton county, in the Little Mountain state, which is second to none in the production of grain and fruit. This has been such a favorable season. The cornfields and orchards were a pleasing sight. We live on a farm and raise our own produce. My husband teaches school in winter. Our school term is six months long, so it keeps him very busy, attending to his crops one-half of the year and teaching the other half, but he will teach in sight of home this winter and I shall not feel so lonely.

We have three little children, two boys and one girl. Their names are Lester, Ivan, and Clarice. My greatest desire is to raise them to be useful men and women, so that when time calls them out into the world to battle for themselves, they will know how to follow the right path.

I will close my letter with one verse of a poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox that always helps me when it comes into my mind:

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.
—Mrs. N. N. James.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanksgiving will soon be here. If anyone has suggestions to make regarding Thanksgiving dinners, or the way the day should be spent, please send them at once. The different ideas should be interesting.—Editor.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.

Since last we came together letters and recipes have been received from these friends: Aunt Chloe Mason, A. F. Rose, Lorena, Z. Hayner, A Pilgrim, Just Someone, Aunt Lolita, Leonore and Lowell.

Ina A. A.—You are very welcome to join our circle. I cannot remember about your letter, but it was undoubtedly printed. Come again.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

JUST A MOTHER.

A friend who belonged to a number of societies and organizations often left her little boy with his grandmother. He was lonely without his mother, and one day as she was about to leave him he exclaimed: "Oh! don't go! Don't be a clubber any more, just be a mamma."—The Delineator.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

LITTLE STAR.

Good night, little star!
I will go to my bed,
And leave you to burn
While I lay down my head.

On my pillow I'll sleep
Till the morning light;
Then you will be fading
And I shall be bright.

My papa has taken The Toledo Daily Blade for seven years. He would not have any other. I am a girl 13 years old. I like the children's letters very much. This is my first letter to The Blade. I have no sisters or brothers. I have a canary bird. Its name is Mary Anna. I have some gold fish. I will close for this time. Hoping that more children will take an interest in adding to our corner.—Wild Flower.

I am a boy 13 years old. My papa has been taking The Blade a long time and I love to read the children's letters so well I decided to write, too. I live in the country on the banks of the beautiful Withlacoochee river in Florida. I love to go to school and I love my teacher. I milk three cows twice a day. We have two horses, 29 goats, and I don't know how many hogs, but lots of them. We have plenty of oranges, grape fruit and lemons. If this letter finds its way to the printer I will write again and tell you more of the land of flowers and alligators.—Clarence Thomas.

If you will admit a little girl just nine years old, of Virginia, I will write a few lines. I have seven brothers and four sisters—twelve in all. We have a steep, rough road to travel in going to school, right by the mouth of a large cave, where people go for sightseeing and to gather pretty stones to carry off to the cities. Papa has some that look just like real birdnests, with nice-round pebbles in them for eggs. We have a large cave on one of our farms that has a stream of water running through it which, just a few rods below, runs a large mill.

I have no pets except my baby brother, and he is a nice little one, I think. We have stock of all kinds, but they are not tame enough to be called pets. I am fond of poetry and look for the Poets' Corner first. Goodby.—Goma Lee.

I am a little girl 13 years old and live in Heslop, O. I like to go to school. I like my teacher. I am staying with my aunt. She is good to me. I have one little brother and seven sisters, and my little brother is going to school every day. He can write his name, and a little sister, she is going to school. She is 10 years old. I am in the Fourth reader, and spelling and arithmetic and geography and history. My pets are three cats and chickens. My papa is a farmer.—Florence M. Long.

Thank you, Florence, for the pretty flower you sent to me in your letter.—Editor.

I am a little girl 6 years old. I live on a farm in West Virginia, near the postoffice of Liberty. Our family consists of papa, mamma, myself and two little sisters, one of whom is 4 years old, one not quite three, and two little baby sisters who have gone to live with God and the angels. I have the pleasure to say both my grandpas and grandmas are living, and live about six or seven miles from our home, and oh, how I delight in going to see them!

I am not very large, but I try to help mamma all I can. My little sisters Clara and Reathie and I carry water for her and do lots of chores. I can also sew on the machine. I wonder how many of the little girls like to talk on the telephone. I delight in talking over the line. Well, I will close for fear of tiring somebody reading this.—Lura Smith.

I am a little girl 8 years old and I am in the third grade at school. I live four miles north of Ogden, Kan., on a farm of 120 acres. I help my mamma all I can. I have two brothers and one sister, and a dear grandpa and grandma that I love very dearly. I go to see them whenever I can.

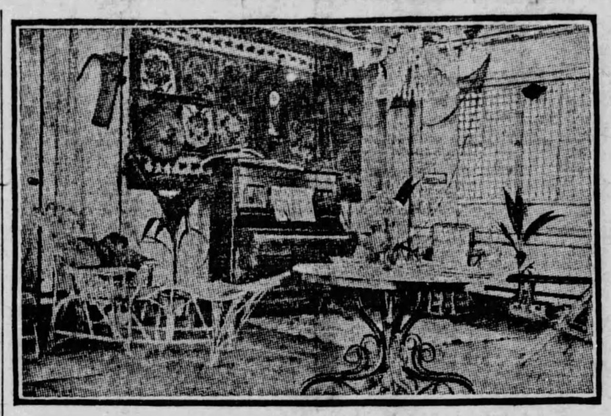
I will close for this time and if I see this in The Blade I will write again and tell you something about Ft. Riley, which is five miles from my home. Love to all.—Hazel Allen.

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE PHILIPPINES

American women, as a rule, are rigorous housekeepers who find it difficult to "slight" anything in their housekeeping, no matter how unimportant the slighted thing may be. If it is the day or the hour when a certain thing should be done, it is unusual to put it off until some other time, unless unexpected circumstances arise to throw the household machinery out of order. For this reason, the "tired, overworked housekeeper" has become a stock phrase, though happily, many women are departing from the iron rules which once held them in bondage and brought the phrase into prominence. As yet, workless housekeeping has not been discovered, but its near approach may be found in the Philippines, according to an article in The Travel Magazine for November.

In the "Islands," the article says, American women soon learn to close an eye to many small things in the way of housekeeping irregularities.

More pretentious and spacious than the ordinary native house, and usually built of wood, the homes of Americans in the Philippines are equally simple and attractive. Beautiful, old, hardwood floors need no dust and germ-gathering carpets to make them attractive. Simple bamboo or rattan furniture, or the Austrian bent wood furniture of which the Spanish are so fond, make the homes most artistic and comfortable in every way. No plaster being used, the walls, either painted white or left the natural color, lend themselves most readily to the many interesting curios so easily picked up in the native markets. Large plaid mats, woven of soft grasses make beautiful backgrounds for collections of native hats or baskets. These hats are woven of the finest imaginable straw in every conceivable shape, the patterns being skillfully designed and wonderfully well worked out. When an American is fortunate enough to run across some fine old pieces of Spanish or Filipino furniture carved from one of the many



SITTING ROOM OF AN AMERICAN HOUSE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

beautiful native woods and is able to induce the owner to part with them, they add much to the artistic effect of a home.

Better than all of these inside furnishings, however, are the magnificent views afforded those within as they look out through enormous windows, out over wonderful seas and tropical landscapes. These windows are made of small translucent shells set many dozen in a frame. These frames slide back on runners allowing one to open up nearly the entire side of a house. When closed, the light coming through the pearly shells is soft and pleasing.

Imagine the joy of a household where there is no spring or fall housecleaning, for in the Philippines the entire house is cleaned daily. The house boys skate over the floors with a floor cloth under each foot, polishing them with oil; then dusting is done, the bedding aired and the housecleaning is over. When the floors need an extra polishing banana leaves take the place of the floor cloths, as these give the wood a smooth hard finish.

Imagine, too, a house with no curtains and stuffy hangings to catch dust and dirt; imagine a house with no closets hung with woolen clothes to invite moths and musty odors, for in the Philippines white cotton clothes for both men and women take the place of wool, and either a chest or a wardrobe afford ample room for all of the clothes one wishes to pile away. Laundry bills are a small item in the family budget and the most economical can afford at least one clean dress or one clean suit a day.

A fine little shack can be built in the Philippines for about fifty dollars, one that will last for seven or eight years and even longer with the proper care; bananas and rice grow while you wait; the law requires a native to wear a certain amount of clothing and no more; it never gets cold, so there is no need to save up and provide for long, hard winters, and the sun shines on the just and the unjust alike.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today I give you a subject for discussion which should bring some good letters from our older members. I think we have drifted away a little from the original plan of the M. G. R., but now that cold weather is coming, we shall feel more like doing some serious work. The question for your consideration is:

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER IS SUCCESS?

There may be many opinions regarding this and we should have some interesting letters. Do not make your letters too long, and be prompt in writing as we shall not continue the discussion for any great length of time.—Miss Prudence.

A member from New Mexico has first place in the column today.

Dear M. G. R's.—I have been away for a month and have been missing you, however, the papers were kept for me, so the first thing on my return was a "picnic" with the M. G. R.

I see descriptive letters are in favor, and as I have been out on a ranch, I will try to give you an idea how it looks. The Aquaja Ranch, comprised of four thousand acres, lies in the foothills of the Rockies, twenty-five miles west, and a little south from Springer, New Mexico. It is mostly meadow land. It includes a large mesa on the south, where horses are kept. The "casa" is near the north line and is a stone house of one story. The three rooms beginning at the west end, are kitchen, sitting and bedroom. On the east, is a room for the "hands" other than the foreman. It is considerably run down, and only three or four men are employed.

A pretty panorama is spread before one when one climbs to a mesa south of the case. There are mountains, capped with snow, canyons, hillsides clothed with whispering pine and quaking asp, and brush wood, which, in its varied autumn coloring has the appearance of a kaleidoscope, only much prettier. Northeast from the casa, is a canyon which leads to a large cave at the rim rock. I did not explore this, not caring to go alone, and the Mexicans are very superstitious about it. It is a beautiful place, though most any place is pretty lonely for a fellow whose heart is somewhere else. I liked to sit out and watch the moon rise over the hills like a great gold piece, with the breeze gently stirring the pines, and the ripple of a crystal stream from a hillside spring and nature's murmur blending together in harmony with the music of Home, Sweet Home, which I was picking on the mandolin. Being a sort of a dreamer, I would sit playing till the "boss" would call, reminding me that work tomorrow would probably require some sleep tonight.

Well, M. G. R's., I am very happy to see some of you back again in various interesting ways. Yes, India, I am a New Mexican, and "sabe" your feelings in many ways,—your reason is nearly the same as mine for returning east before long, only I'm not married; other conditions are the same, however.

Hello, Happy-Go-Lucky! I like your style in several ways. Good for you, Brown-Eyed Girlie, you are all right. Sweet Marie, I agree with you and other admirers of violin music, but being a tenor singer, I will hold my peace concerning it. W. Va., my father was born and raised at Sutton in your county. My grandfather still lives near there. Do you know him?

I hope to ever remain a friend in the circle of the M. G. R.—Sincerely yours, King Henry XI.

As I have not seen many letters from the Keystone state, I thought I would write. I enjoy reading the letters very much, also the poems. I think it a very good method by which one may become acquainted with poems which one might never see otherwise.

I live in Monroe county, on the Pocono mountains, a place noted for its healthfulness. There are many places near my home which are health resorts, and the city people are building here very rapidly. There is a hill near our place which is famed for its Indian legends. There is a fine spring on the top of the mountain, and, as the legend runs, $30,000 in gold was buried by the Indians near the spring. Many people have tried to get this hidden wealth, but returned home none the wiser and none the richer. The hiding place was supposed to have been revealed by a white man on his deathbed. He was a prisoner of the Indians, and was there when the money was buried.

I am a school teacher. I have taught five terms and am teaching at present. I can readily know how to sympathize with those thus engaged in this work, or "warfare," as it was named by an M. G. R. friend. I should like to become acquainted with some of the teachers who have written to the column, but this seems an impossibility. We are engaged in a noble work, and should have honor. "Teaching stands next to preaching.

School teachers from the west, please write. I expect to travel west within a year or two and may teach there. I wish you all success in your work, whatever it may be.—Keystone Lad.

Good evening! Will you admit another W. Va. girl? I live in the central part of the state, two miles from the county seat. It is a very pretty college town of about 3,000 inhabitants. This part of W. Va. is beautiful and not at all rough, as many outsiders imagine.

Florida Old Man, I enjoy reading your letters very much. I have several friends in the southern part of Florida. There! I see Kentucky Daisy, Chrysanthemum, Junita Valley Girl, and a host of others, looking at me as if I had said enough for a total stranger. Well, I suppose I have, so I will close, with best wishes to all.—Florine de Hildene.

It gives me much pleasure to read your articles, so I decided to ask admittance. I live at Brankton, N. C., in a beautiful section of the Old North state, called "The Land of the Sky." Truly it deserves its name. The towering mountain peaks and beautiful streams place one amid the gorgeous scenes of nature. It makes one marvel at the glorious handiwork of God.

We are a patriotic and God-fearing people. Our principal industries are farming and stock raising. Nature has lavished upon us all varieties of fruits and berries. This is a noted health resort and the Tourists' Home, hotels and boarding houses are conspicuous on the mountain tops and in the valleys.

As you see, I like descriptive letters. I enjoyed the fine description of Arizona. We can learn a great deal from our friends in this way.

As this is my first call I will not write very much, for fear you will not let me come again.—Bill Hardy.

After waiting for more than a year to become the eligible age to join this company, I one day realized it had been many months since that wonderful day—the day I was sixteen.

In reading a few old copies of The Blade, I found a letter which, on account of the name signed, aroused my curiosity. The name was "Blue-Eyed Fern." If the writer of that letter reads this, I wish she would write again and describe herself and tell us whether Fern is her real name. I think I can recognize a few of my acquaintances by their letters, and I wonder will they know me so easily?

I would like to tell you of my home town, an Iowa town, of course, as it has a fine conservatory, college and girls' hall. Perhaps if I may come again I will tell you then. I will sign my own name, in part, and wait for more good letters to read.—Brown-Eyed Ferne.

Why is it that we see so few letters from Pennsylvania? Surely there are many families in our state who take The Blade.

We have some interesting and beautiful scenery in the mountain region in which I live. Today I enjoyed a long drive with some friends and visited the once famous summer resort called Wopsononwock. Several years ago a forest fire destroyed the large hotel and surrounding buildings, and killed much of the timber in the park.

The bark has fallen from the trees and they present a ghastly appearance, especially on moonlight nights. The lookout house on the summit of the mountain has been almost demolished by storms. From this place, it is said, one can see five counties. There are a few cottages left that are owned and occupied during the summer months by city people.

How enjoyable it is to take a quiet walk along woodland paths, or a scramble up a mountain side, over rocks and through brush until an open space is reached, where one may stop, and breathe, and gaze over the quiet, peaceful country in the valley below. Some people never seem to see the beauties of nature and cannot understand that others are benefited by being in sympathy with her loveliness. To me, when I am tired and discouraged, there is nothing so helpful as a communion with nature. It stills rebellious thoughts, renews my courage, and I come in feeling at peace with all the world and with good will toward everyone.—M. Elizabeth.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

"What is the real good?"
I asked, in musing mood.
"Order," said the court;
"Knowledge," said the school,
"Truth," said the wise man,
"Pleasure," said the fool,
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page,
"Freedom," said the dreamer,
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier,
"Equity," said the seer,
Spake my heart full sadly—
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

If any of you intend to write a Thanksgiving letter, it is time to write it now and send it to the column.

Florida Old Man:—Your manuscript was not received. Your recent letter is the first I have heard from you since you wrote shortly after your return from the Orient. It is too bad, but the story of your journey never reached me. I hesitate to ask you to write it again, but there are many who would like to read about the sights and scenes of your travels.—Miss Prudence.

Letters which have lately arrived are from W. Va. Boy, Mary Beigh, Little Mountain Sister, Truthful Pearl, and Jack Stephens.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

LION; A TRUE STORY

One of my best friends was a big St. Bernard dog named Lion. He lived in the country and his master owned some flour mills a mile from the village. So every day Lion would go to the postoffice for the letters and papers and bring them safely to his master.

The postoffice was in one of those dear old-fashioned country shops where all sorts of things are sold—needles, cottons, groceries, shoes, toys and candy.

If the postmistress was busy when Lion entered the shop, he would lie down on the floor and wait patiently till she had leisure to attend to him, but if he was kept waiting longer than he thought right, he would rap gently on the floor with his tail, and if that had not the desired effect, he would rise, giving a loud yawn, which seldom failed to draw attention to himself.

"Well, Lion, have you come for the letters?" the postmistress would say; and when she had securely tied them into a packet, he would take them in his mouth and at once trot off for home, and it would not be well for anyone who tried to take them from him.

I have often met him, and he seemed always very friendly and willing to accompany me in my rambles. But one day I thought it was not gentlemanly of him to let me carry my basket myself. I told him so, and offered him the basket. He took it, wagging his tail politely, and then turned round in the direction of the mill and trotted off. "No, no, Lion!" I said. "You are not to take it home. Give it to me, sir;" and I tried to get hold of it, but a low growl warned me that he did not intend to be interfered with. There was nothing to do but to follow him all the way to the mill, where we were met by the foreman, who took it from him, and explained that people often gave notes to Lion, and that he had been trained not to give them up to anybody except to him or to his master.

But going for the mail is not all that Lion could do by any means. "He feeds the cat at twelve o'clock every day," I was told. "Won't you stay and see him do it now? It is nearly the time for it." I said I should like to see him do it, and I waited till the clock struck twelve. Then, without being told to do it, Lion took up a jar by a string handle which had been put on for the purpose, and trotted away to the farm near. The farmer's wife filled the jar with milk for him, and he presently returned, carrying it so carefully that not a drop was spilled.

Pussy was waiting for him, and she rubbed her soft sides against his legs, purring loudly to express her pleasure. He put down the jar and lay quietly down to watch her while she enjoyed her repast.

When she had finished the milk she sat down in pussycat fashion and proceeded to clean her paws, but Lion made a sudden spring at her, and rolled her over in the flour with which the floor was thickly covered. And then such a game of romp followed. Helter skelter, all over the place they raced, playing "hide and seek" and "catch me," till pussy was tired out and ran to the top of a pile of corn to rest and clean her befloured fur coat in peace when Lion turned quietly to follow his master home to dinner.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE LITTLE PREACHER.

I am a little scholar, to school I daily go,
I learn of Master Jesus, His holy will to do.
The scholars they do love Him, the school is large and free,
Come all you careless sinners and go to school with me.

I am a little watchamn, I stand upon the wall,
And when the foe is coming I give a sudden call.
I blow my little trumpet to let the people know,
And pray you all take warning, escape from every foe.

I am a little shepherd, I feed my Master's sheep
And in the walls of Zion I ever try to keep.
The food my Master gives me, on which to feed my flock
Is the word of life divine and honey from the Rock.

I am a little Christian, the Lord has made me so,
All over a new creature, His holy will to do.
I love the things I hated, I hate the things I loved,
My master is preparing me to reign with Him above.

I am a little preacher, I preach the gospel true,
The word that Jesus gives me I give it all to you.
And when my heart is empty, I go to Jesus' store.
I tell Him all about it, He smiles and gives me more.

I am a little poet, I've made a little song
Which many times has cheered me as I journey along.
And if any little Christian shall wish to learn the same,
I pray the Lord to set his heart all on a burning flame.

THE GREEDY FOX.

On a winter's night,
As the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey;
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their weary way.

Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray,
But at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens, as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners;
So the prowlers found
A hole in the ground,
And they both went in—the sinners!

They both went in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed;
And one of them lunched
And feasted and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all;
For, as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was small.

And the cunning elf,
He said to himself,
"If I eat too much, it's plain,
As the hole is small,
I shall stick to the wall,
And never get out again."

Thus matters went on
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole,
The foxes both flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole.

In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck
Of the chickens he had been eating;
He could not get out,
Or turn about,
So he was killed by beating.

SING ME A SONG OF THE SOUTH

A well-fought battle ended, a victory nobly earned,
A wounded soldier lying where he fell,
Thinking of the mother, to whom he'll ne'er return
And wondering who to her his fate would tell.
He called his comrades to him, his face was cold and white,
And well they knew death's angel hovered near;
He said, "I'll answer roll call, boys, far away tonight,
But one more southern song I'd like to hear."

CHORUS.

"Sing me a song of the Sunny South,
One with a sweet refrain;
Sing me a song of Dixie Land,
That I may be happy again.
Sing me a sweet southern melody,
Somthing of bygone days;
Sing one song of my old Kentucky home,
Sing me a song of the south.

All nature seemed to mourn him, for everything was still,
Except the voices of his comrades nigh,
The song they sang so sweetly, was echoed by the hills,
That seemed to sady murmur their reply.
At last the song was ended, but ere its echo ceased,
They knew his spirit soul had passed away;
And as they gently lowered him into his grave of peace,
Their thoughts were of his last request that day.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

Have you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame—
Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

A river of water gushes there,
Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

Millions of forms all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given
The home of the just—and its name is heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

By Charles Mackay.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes, in heaven."

THE FATAL ROSE OF RED.

"Please wear a red rose, uncle," said a maid with delight,
To an aged man who sat with bowed down head,
"I cannot, child," he murmured, "but I'll wear one of white,
My hopes were blighted by a rose of red.

You know I had a sweetheart once, a singer on the stage,
And how I loved her none of you can tell!
Time proved I greatly wronged her, then repenting, jealous rage
I sent a note to her one day which read:

CHORUS.

Wear a rose of white when you sing to night,
"Twill mean you forgive me again;
But if, instead, 'tis a rose of red,
'Twill mean that my hopes are in vain.
But I never knew that she loved me true
All my hopes for the future had fled,
For instead of the white she wore that night,
The fatal rose of red.

When she appeared that night, child, this singer young and fair,
I felt that all her love for me was dead.
I saw a rose of crimson pinned in her golden hair.
One glance told all and from that place I fled,
I journeyed far in many climes, returned she'd passed away;
"The shock was such it broke her heart," they said,
I also learned a rival, changed my note to read that day.
If you still love me, wear a rose of red.

POEMS WANTED.

Can someone send a poem published about 1865 and entitled Nothing to Wear? The author's name is also requested.

The song, When the Leaves Come Drifting Down is asked for.

Will someone furnish the words of the song, 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia.

The poem entitled A Message from the Mountains is wanted. The first line is: "Up from the sea, the east wind proud."

The once popular song, My Grandfather's Clock, is requested.

(Cut this out)

$50 IN GOLD FREE

ENTHUSIASTIC IS THE WORD

Are you a smart speller? We give $50 in gold in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word ENTHUSIASTIC. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can, you will get a present anyway of Ten Prize Stories, and if your list is the largest you will get $20 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letter in a word more times than it appears in ENTHUSIASTIC. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and do not use proper nouns, prefixes, suffixes, only legitimate words. Work it this way: eat, eats, nat, nuts, net, nets, sat, set, hat, hats, etc. Use these words and arrange your list alphabetically. We will give away, on December 19, 1908, the sum of $50 divided into thirteen prizes for the largest list of words as above; $20 to the person making the largest list; $10 for the second largest; $5 for the next largest list; $2 each for the next largest lists; $1 to each of the next five largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of the winners? You will enjoy making the list. Why not try for first prize? We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these list prizes. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word building contest, but if it is necessary to send 25 cents, silver or stamps, for which we will send you our big, handsome, illustrated 32-page magazine containing 96 to 128 columns of fascinating reading matter for one year, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you without further cost Ten Prize Stories" for which we paid $1,000 in cash. Show your mettle; win a cash prize. If there should be a tie for any cash prize the money for that prize will be equally divided. Send your list at once and not later than December 19, 1908. The names of the winners will be promptly mailed. Address P. J. Allen, Circulation Manager, 649 W. 43d St., New York City, N. Y.

...RE AT CITY MISSION

...l Case of Scabies—Body a Mass ...f Sores from Scratching—Her

...TURES YIELD TO CUTICURA

...young woman came to our city ...ne in a most awful condition physi... Our doctor examined her and ...d that she had scabies (the itch), ...ent paresis, rheumatism, etc., ...ect on from exposure. Her poor ...was a mass of sores from scratch... ...d she was not able to retain solid ... We worked hard over her for ... weeks, but we could see little im... ...ment. One day I bought a cake of ...ura Soap and a bottle of Cuti... ...ura Resolvent, and we bathed our ... well and gave her a full dose ...ura Resolvent. She slept better that ...ht and the next day I got a box of ...ura Ointment. In five weeks this ...e woman was able to look for a ...b and she is now strong and well. ...(Signed) James Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New ...k, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

...OOPS COW MUTINEERS

...break Follows Discovery of Plot to Dethrone the Sultan.

...nstantinople, Oct. 31.—An ...eak on the part of a com... ...of Turkish troops attached ...he garrison at Yildiz Kiosk ... promptly put down this ...ing with a single volley from ...al battalion. Three of the ...ers were killed and 15 ...ded.

...e mutinous spirit manifested it... ...when the company was assembled, ...threatened for a few moments to ...in serious trouble. But a hurry ... was issued and a battalion from ...ment recently brought in from ...ki was marched to the scene and ...volley sufficed to cow the muti...

...e outbreak followed the discovery ...plot among the Young Turks to ...one the sultan and place his third ...n power.

...e mutineers surrendered and were ...e prisoners. They were drawn up ...e public square, tied together, ...exhibited to the assembled troops ...ebels who had broken their milli... ...oath.

...e prompt suppression is expected ...ve a salutary effect on the re... ...ior of the Yildiz Kiosk garrison, ...h is suspected of being antag... ...to the constitution.

...T AGAINST SULTAN

...ng Turks Believe He Has ...ret Understanding With Tewfik Pasha.

..., Oct. 30.—A special dispatch ...Smyrna says that the Young ...believing that the sultan has a ... understanding with Tewfik ...the foreign minister, have de... ...to dethrone him and replace ...by his third son.

...ziki troops will be sent to over... ...the Albanian guard and fanatical ...marles.

...DY FOR BLOCKADE

...t Prepared to Enforce De...ands if Castro Persists in Policy.

...shington, Oct. 28.—Diplomats and ...epartment officials are wondering ...is to be Holland's next step in her ...gs with Venezuela, now that Pres... ...Castro has declined to revoke his ...of May 14th, prohibiting the ...ignment of goods for Venezuelan ...at Curacao.

...Holland's latest note demanding the ...sion of that decree generally has ...understood to be an ultimatum by ...d, and November was set as the ...of time in which she expected Ven... ...to take favorable action on her ...d. Holland has maintained the ...sition of Curacao's commercial in...rse with Venezuela is absolutely ...ssary to her existence.

...e has been some talk of a block... ...the ports of Venezuela by Hol... ...If Holland is determined to do ...she is fully prepared for the work. ...months ago, when the relations ...een the two countries became acute ...result of a number of irritating ...ances, Holland, which usually ...s a man-of-war near Curacao, began ...ding her naval representation ...In consequence of which she has ...three good sized vessels in West In...waters. With a blockade of Vene... ...ports, the Holland government ...ys that she can force Castro to ...

...MAGNATE TO BE TRIED

...e Will Go to Texas to An...wer Perjury Charge.

...in, Texas, Oct. 29.—Henry Clay ..., St. Louis oil magnate, is com...ed to Texas to answer the in...ment returned against him in this ..., charging him with false ... Governor Campbell was ...day advised by Judge Barclay, ...Louis, who represented the ...at the hearing of Pierce, that ...Louisan will leave for Texas ...here November 9 to stand trial.

...ET VISITS CELESTIALS

... Battleships Arrive at Amoy, China.

...y, Oct. 30.—Eight battleships, ...ising the second squadron of the ...n Atlantic fleet, arrived this ...ng from Yokohama. The Chinese ...ade every preparation to im... ...upon the Americans China's de... ...even more cordial relations. ...sixteen ships of the fleet left Yo... ...together on Sunday morning, ...ided into two squadrons when ...ars out, one of them headed for ..., Philippine Islands. The two ...ons will join forces again at ...

...FARM PAPER ...WHOLE YEAR FREE

...will send you our great farm paper ab... ...free for a whole year if you will do us ...favor. Just send us names and ad... ...of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent ...The Valley Farmer is a handsomely ...farm journal, established 15 years, ...published on its own $20,000 rotary ...by the ablest agricultural writers of the ...s, and read by over a quarter of a ...people in its circulation reaching every ...in the Union. Address, with stamp, Val... ...Box 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

NIGHT RIDERS ROUTED

Seventy Arrested and the Authorities Have Evidence Against 300.

Tiptonville, Tenn., Oct. 28.—"Ted" Burton, the self-confessed night-rider, who already has given the authorities the names of two alleged leaders of the band is said to have broken down completely, his confession implicating 300 men from Obion county. Even the oath taken by night-riders has been confessed, though the officials will not make public the wording.

Band Is Routed.

The seventy or more prisoners now in camp are closely guarded and Garrett Johnson, an alleged leader, his brother, Tom, and William Watson, are kept in solitary confinement. The troops will be kept here for some time although it is believed that with the arrests made and the confession obtained from Burton, the band has been practically routed in this district.

It is the general opinion that Garrett Johnson, who is a prisoner at Camp Nemo, if he can be compelled to talk, could tell more about the recent outrages than any other man under arrest. Forty men whom he has connected actively with night-riders' crimes in this territory are under arrest, and the authorities believe enough evidence has already been collected to hang at least four men.

Whipped Women, Too.

John F. Cockran, captured after a chase on the lake, has confessed that the night-rider outrages have included the whipping of women. One woman was whipped for leaving her husband, and another for being of ill repute.

While Burton denies that he was present when Captain Rankin was put to death, he admits it was through information given by him that the band congregated and took the attorney while he was staying at the hotel at Walnut Log. According to Burton's confession, Tom and Garret Johnson, under arrest, and Wm. Watson, under bond in connection with another raid, were the leaders of the band.

Lured to the Lake.

Burton said that on the night before the lynching of Rankin he went to Walnut Log and there met James F. Carpenter, an attorney of Union City, at whose solicitation Rankin and Judge R. Z. Taylor, associated in the West Tennessee company, owners of the land on which the lake is situated, came to the lake.

It was stated that the visit of the two attorneys was to discuss a timber deal with Carpenter. After this conversation, Burton says, he communicated with the night-riders' leaders, and told of the intended visit of the representatives of the land company.

On the following night he saw the two attorneys at supper at the Walnut Log hotel. He says that he was fishing when he heard the shots which ended the life of Captain Rankin, but he did not return to the shore for some time.

Riders' Victim Sues.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 28.—In an endeavor to establish his contention that all persons connected with the night-riders' associations are responsible for ravages made by any member of the organziation, Henry Bennett yesterday filed suit for $100,000 damages.

The plaintiff, February 4, was set upon and terribly beaten with clubs and thorned switches by a band of night-riders. At the same time his stemmery and tobacco factory and other large and valuable buildings were destroyed by the night-riders.

May Adjourn Court.

Union City, Tenn., Oct. 28.—Because of a technicality it may be necessary to abandon the special term of court convened here to investigate the night-rider outrages and to allow thirty days to elapse before the inquiry can be resumed. The statutes of this state require that any term of court called must be advertised in advance for thirty days.

ONLY ONE LIBERAL BEATEN

Premier Laurier's Victory Is Almost Complete.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 28.—The Canadian capital turned out with bands and torches last night to welcome Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was personally elected for this city, and who was returned premier of Canada with a majority of a half hundred supporters in the commons.

The precise majority is not available yet and will not be until declaration day. It is certain every member of the government, with the exception of William Templeman, was elected.

HER HAIR TURNED GRAY; VERDICT FOR $17,500.

Chicago, Oct. 31.—In one day after a broken trolley pole fell on the head of Mrs. Julia Konold, her hair, naturally a chestnut brown, was turned completely white and the expression of her face changed from the bloom of middle age to that of a woman 15 years her senior.

The accident occurred on December 21, 1904. In Judge Tuthill's court yesterday a verdict for $17,500 was rendered in her favor against the Union Traction company, owners of the line on which she was injured.

CHILDREN USING COCAINE

Philadelphia Police Start Crusade Against Evil.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—In a crusade to break up the cocaine habit which, it has been discovered, is prevalent among children in some of the public schools in the tenderloin district of this city, the police last night arrested eleven men and three women, either users of the drug or persons accused of supplying it to others.

MYSTERY IN TWO DEATHS

Man and Woman Die Without Making Statement.

Greenfield, Mass., Oct. 29.—A double tragedy, surrounded by mysterious circumstances, occurred here last night. Benjamin E. Gaines, 39, and Miss Harriet Mabel Wing, ten years younger, were found dying from bullet wounds at Miss Wing's boarding house. Both expired without making a statement. The police expressed the opinion that Gains shot the young woman and then killed himself, but no reason for the shooting is known.

$1,000 Interest on $50.

New York Herald.

The happiest man in New York today is Adam Brede, chef in a lunchroom. Over twenty years ago Brede deposited $50 in the Seaman's Bank for Savings. With a friend he attended a festival that night, and when he left the hall he found that both his friend and his bankbook had disappeared. Last Friday night he encountered his friend, who greeted him effusively, and said:

"Here is that bankbook, Adam. It has hurt my conscience for twenty years, but it was the means of saving my life. After leaving New York I went to Albany. From there I drifted out to San Francisco, where I started a fruit business. I prospered, and at the end of eighteen years was worth about $50,000. I arrived here last Sunday and have been looking for you ever since."

He handed over the bankbook and $1,000 for interest.

OHIO LOCAL OPTION RESULTS

Thirty-seven dark counties voted "dry" under the Rose county local option law. A total of 1,014 saloons will be ousted as a result. Five shaded counties are "dry" under elections held in townships and villages by virtue of Beall law. Five dotted counties voted "wet" under the Rose county local option law.

IGNORES FLEET'S VISIT

Nothing Is Known in Capital About Presence of Vessels at Amoy.

Pekin, Oct. 31.—The presence of the second squadron of the American battleship fleet at Amoy, where the vessels arrived yesterday and where the men are now being entertained by the Chinese government, is hardly known in Pekin.

The Chinese newspapers have said nothing about the visit, and the occurrence is being completely ignored, both officially and otherwise, so far as Pekin is concerned. This probably is because of the birthday of the empress dowager.

The Japanese newspapers alone at Pekin have information regarding the doings at Amoy. This evening the foreign board had no news of the arrival of the warships and was still expecting their coming. Neither had the American legation received any news.

This silence is the more remarkable because the native press has, during the past few weeks, given much space to promulgating the idea of an alliance with the United States.

"Be kind to vermin and insects," says an exchange. "They are your friends." Sure, they're your friends. They'll stick to you even when you're broke.

SEND FLEET AWAY

Great Britain Orders Out Squadron of Four Battleships.

Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, Oct. 30.—Orders have been given that the British squadron, under the command of Rear Admiral Sir Percy Scott, proceed to South America in the completion of its South African program. The squadron consists of the cruisers Good Hope, Antrim, Carnarvon and Devonshire.

Government's Explanation.

London, Oct. 30.—It was declared at the foreign office today that sending of the squadron under Sir Percy Scott, to South America was in no way connected with the present Venezuelan situation.

The government has not heard from Sir Vincent Corbett, the British minister to Venezuela since it sent him instructions to investigate and to take requisite action in the matter of the seizure by Venezuela of the British schooner Lady Kensington, off the island of Margarita and the imprisonment of the vessel's crew.

HEARD IN A RESTAURANT.

Gerald—"On account of their similarity in dress, it's hard to tell a gentleman from a waiter."

Geraldine—"But doesn't a waiter usually own his dress suit?"

—The Bohemian Magazine.

MARKET STRONG BUT SHOWS AN APATHETIC CONDITION

New York, Noy. 2.—In his weekly letter to his clients, setting forth the condition of the stock market, Henry Clews says:

Great strength of market, but more or less apathy ruled the Stock Exchange during the week. Next Tuesday the great choice between the two presidential candidates will be settled and as a stock market influence that factor will quickly disappear. The prevailing impression is that the results will be satisfactory and that both the stock market and general business will gain thereby in confidence and increased activity. Possibly such anticipations will be realized to an unexpected extent; but it is easy to attach too much weight to such considerations and in all probability the election, having been largely discounted, hence will exert nothing more than a passing influence in the stock market. Some mercantile and manufacturing business has doubtless been held in abeyance, pending the election, caused by doubt with many as to the result. Still it is safe to assert that the sum total of business during 1908 will prove to have been after all but slightly affected by the election. In fact, at a time when uncertainty is at its height, we find legitimate business is actually showing its greatest recovery from panic. Now that uncertainty is over we may look forward to a steady advance toward the normal.

Soon after the panic general business contracted severely; in many instances to the extent of 50 per cent; Numerous good judges think that the volume of business is now within 80 per cent of normal; and that if present tendencies continue the volume of business will shortly be as large as before the panic, though profits may be less. One of the best indications of business activity is railroad earnings, which on 27 roads in the third week of October were only 3 per cent below last year. Another good trade barometer is bank clearings, which last week were about 18 per cent less than a year ago. Considering lessened speculation and commercial inactivity this decrease was not large. There is no doubt whatever that the tendency towards recuperation is strong in every direction; based on the abundance of our natural resources, on the optimistic American temperament and on the rectification of many evils and weaknesses which were thoroughly eliminated by the panic. Out of that disaster we are gradually and painfully but surely emerging; our business affairs now being on a sounder and cleaner basis than would have been possible without the test of storm and fire.

At the same time while we are justified in taking hopeful views regarding the future, and while it is pleasant to dwell upon the prosperity of our farming classes, which had much to do with the rapidity of our recovery, It will not do to blind ourselves to obstacles which still delay a resumption of normal activities. These obstacles are more numerous than is desired; and none of them is more patent nor more difficult to overcome than the present high level of prices. This applies not only to securities, but equally to commodities and wages. On every hand business is hampered by high costs of production and operation, profits have disappeared, cost of living has been enhanced and new enterprises are seriously checked. Few now care to erect new plants which would cost 20 to 30 per cent more than the old ones, especially with the chances that competition might within a few years enter the field and duplicate their establishments with a much smaller capital. Such risks must always be taken in business, but needless to say they are immensely aggravated when prices are upon such a high level as at present. The great question for business men is the future of prices. Are they to remain at the present abnormal high level, or are they to gradually decline with an increasing volume of business? This question must of course be left to the solution of time, but it is worth while remembering that among the chief causes of high prices are the rapid development of natural resources, the creation of new wants, the great demand for capital and labor, the shortening of the hours of labor, the advance in wages, the comparative scarcity of many agricultural products and the rapid production of gold. Different observers attach varying degrees of importance to these influences, but each have played their part in bringing about present high prices, and our readers may well ponder on the remedy for themselves.

The outlook for securities presents many favorable features. Railroad conditions are steadily improving, earnings are recovering and freight rates are advancing. After the election it is anticipated that rates will be more generally advanced; the result being that with the economies introduced since the panic many of the roads will be in as good of not better financial condition than before. Our railroads are our biggest spenders. Improvements held up a few months ago will soon be renewed on a larger scale; the result being a freshened demand for constructive materials, especially steel, and a better demand for labor. There is no doubt that another six months will witness a great betterment in the railroad situation. Another factor strongly affecting the stock market is the continued cheapness of money, which is likely to last until business activity is resumed upon a larger scale. With money at its present level, many stocks look fairly cheap; and such a disparity in returns between the two is inevitably a strong stimulus to speculation. If the market strengthens on satisfactory election results, as it seems inclined to do, there will of course be more or less realizing by some of the big insiders, who are still carrying larger surplus lines than they desire. But so long as railroad prospects continue as flattering as they now are, and so long as their financial condition continues to improve there can be no serious setback. It is true security prices are high, and in the opinion of many the recovery has been too rapid, such difference of opinion being the life and test of the market; but the panic is behind us, and no repetition need be expected while the situation remains as sound as at present. Money is easy the world over, chiefly because of commercial depression; but abroad as here the curative processes are at work; and, if the patient there has less recuperative powers than ourselves, the recovery is none the less sure. For the present the Balkan troubles have subsided, though the balance of power in Europe has been disturbed and its readjustment will be watched with keen interest in high financial circles abroad. Very soon the new $200,000,000 Russian loan may be announced, preparations for which have been so far completed as to nullify its its effect upon the money market.

HAS HAD TYPHOID GERMS 18 MONTHS, BUT IS NOT SICK

New York, Oct. 28.—For 450 successive days physicians at the detention hospital, on North Brother island, have examined Mary Mallen, in hopes that she might be found free from typhoid germs.

On several occasions no germs have been found, but on the following day they have reappeared, and on no two successive days have they been missing. The physicians are puzzled, but they say there is nothing to do but to keep the woman in the hospital until such time as the germs disappear.

The woman was first heard of on Long Island, where a sporadic outbreak of typhoid occurred. It was traced to her, but she got away and in another place obtained a position as cook. The family developed typhoid, and again she moved, only to be the cause of another slight epidemic of typhoid.

The woman has never shown any of the symptoms of the disease, but for nearly a year and a half she has been thoroughly infected with the germs.

PLEDGE IS NOT LEGAL

Mayor's Obligation to Redeem Street Railway Stock at Par Only Moral.

Cleveland, Oct. 29.—The latest sensation in the local traction situation is the startling announcement by Mayor Johnson and President Dupont, of the Municipal Traction company, that stock of the Cleveland Railway company, sold through the private stock exchange established by Johnson and Dupont immediately after they took control of the traction property of the Cleveland railway, is not legally redeemable, although flaming advertisements under the picture of the mayor and over his signature in newspapers and magazines, promised to redeem the stock at par at the option of the purchaser, with a dividend of six per cent from the date of purchase. The advertisement also urged investors to withdraw their savings from the banks and buy the stock at par, stating that such investment was the best possible one to employ the surplus money of investors, especially the smaller ones.

Notwithstanding the fact that the same stock sold daily on the Cleveland Stock Exchange around 90, the mayor urged people to buy of his private stock exchange at par on the advertised promise of redemption at par at any time the holder so desired to reconvert his capital. In this belief hundreds of persons bought the stock of the mayor and a large amount was thus disposed of.

At a meeting of creditors last night, at which Johnson was the chief speaker, he admitted that there was no legal guaranty of redemption of this stock, and the only recourse the investors have is the "moral obligation with which the company feels bound to redeem the stock."

"I regard the obligation as sacred as a gambling debt, not legally collectible, but morally due," said Mayor Johnson.

President Dupont said: "The buyers of stock through the Municipal Stock Exchange have no guaranty except that in the newspapers."

The final hearing on the petition of the Central Trust company, for a receiver, will be had next Monday, at which time both the Cleveland Railway company and the Municipal Traction company are ordered to appear and show cause why a receiver should not be appointed.

MYSTERY AND WARM WATER IN THIS CISTERN.

Columbus, Oct. 28.—Columbus has a cistern filled with a supply of warm water, that even during the greatest part of the drouth has not given out. The cistern is a mystery to all. Steam arises from the water, and while all the neighborhood gets water from it the supply is never lowered. The cistern in question is located at the home of W. F. Smith, on Madison avenue, and while it can be explained why the water is warm, none have been able to locate the liberal source of the supply. Public service heating pipes pass near the bottom of the cistern and keep the water always warm, but none have yet been able to tell where the water comes from. In the meantime the women folks gather regularly about the place and get their warm dishwater three times a day.

DARING ROBBERY ON CAR

Woman Loses Bag of Jewels in San Francisco.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 28.—Mrs. J. I. Petrie, of New York, a guest at a local hotel, was the victim of a daring robbery on a Larkin street car last night. A hand satchel, containing eleven rings set with diamonds, eighty dollars, a diamond bracelet and other jewelry, the whole valued at $1,700, was slipped from under her arm, where she had placed it while carrying a number of parcels.

BANK MYSTERY IS SOLVED

Three Boys Charged With Gigantic Robbery.

Mexico City, Oct. 29.—A despatch from Chihuahua says: "Moses Navarro and Martin Mateus, both clerks in the Banco Minera, and Manuel Molinar, all under 21, are under arrest and the mystery of the robbery of $185,000 on the night of March 1, is solved.

One hundred and seventy thousand dollars of the money has been recovered. Navarro was arrested last week and he disclosed the hiding place of the money.

YAZUIS MASSACRED

Papagos Lure Them Into Ambush, Then Shoot Them Down.

El Paso, Texas, Oct. 28.—News reached here today from various sources that a battle between Papago and Yaqui Indians has taken place north of Altar, Sonora, and that forty Yaquis were killed. According to reports the Mexican government armed the Papagos, who lured the Yaquis into ambush and slaughtered them.

Warriors Surrender.

Bisbee, Ariz., Oct. 28.—Following a skirmish southeast of Hermozillo, Mexico, in which it is reported that Bule, chief of the Yaqui Indians, was killed, 24 Yaqui warriors went into Hermozillo and surrendered. Governor Torres, of Sonora, arrived from Europe yesterday, and it is expected that a treaty favorable to the Yaquis will be signed this week and permanent peace established.

HE WAS IN DOUBT.

Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney general of the United States, was presiding at a meeting of the Civic Reform League in New York in May, 1906, when a sequence of long, dull papers was presented. Between papers Mr. Bonaparte would arouse the jaded interest of the audience with humorous references and pertinent jokes. Each was punctuated with a vivacity of manner that indicated his French ancestry, which, to those who knew his real worth and real work, was nothing unusual.

But, and here hangs the story, according to the Los Angeles Times, there was one in the audience to whom Mr. Bonaparte's name and work were unknown, who contemplated these mannerisms with growing disapproval. He was a serious-minded, bespectacled man, tall and spare, with a vagrant wisp of gray hair rising from a much-rubbed and wrinkled forehead, and who seemed deeply interested in the overly dull papers until Mr. Bonaparte began to enliven the dullness, when his whole attention was directed to the distinguished cabinet officer. He glanced at his program and then back to Mr. Bonaparte, and finally, turning to his neighbor, asked: "Who is the presiding officer?"

"Ah! Bonaparte," said he reflectively upon being informed, and after further grave contemplation addressed his neighbor thus:

"Is that his usual manner or has he been having too much dinner?"

CHEERED FOR 19 MINUTES

Remarkable Demonstration in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Madison Square Garden, New York, Oct. 29.—William H. Taft and Charles E. Hughes were the attractions at a great Republican mass meeting at Madison Square Garden last night.

The meeting was remarkable in more ways than one. At every mention of the name of Governor Hughes the hall resounded with cheering, and when he entered the hall the crowd, which filled every available space in the auditorium, cheered him for 16 minutes without stopping. Governor Hughes made a characteristic address, which was received enthusiastically.

But it remained for Mr. Taft to inspire the greatest demonstration. For 19 minutes Madison Square Garden trembled from the stamping of thousands of feet and the roar of voices.

Couldn't Quell Racket.

Mr. Taft tried to quell the racket, but was powerless to do so. When the noise ceased Mr. Taft began his address. His voice was heard, but the crowd was satisfied merely to look at him, and his every word was cheered.

There were a number of other speakers before Judge Taft and Governor Hughes arrived, but the throng was impatient to hear the presidential and the state nominees.

During the day Mr. Taft spoke at 14 meetings and Governor Hughes spoke 15 times. Then, last night, while the Madison Square meeting was in progress, a giant parade was wending its way in a downpour of rain down through the heart of the city. These are only the main features of the day.

The two principal candidates for president, William H. Taft and William J. Bryan, following a day of busy campaigning up state, will reach Syracuse tonight, where both are scheduled to speak. Mr. Taft began the day's tour with a speech at Lyons, then traveled eastward, his itinerary calling for stops at Canandiagua, Geneva, Seneca Falls and Auburn.

Bryan's Last Day.

Mr. Bryan's last day of campaigning in New York state carried him westward and included speeches at Cohoes, Albany, Utica and Rome. Former Judge Alton B. Parker expects to speak with Mr. Bryan at the Syracuse meeting.

The running mates of Taft and Bryan continued their campaign work today in their home states, Mr. Sherman speaks at Albany, while Mr. Kern's itinerary called for addresses at several meetings in Indiana.

WOMAN ROUTS BURGLAR

Knocks His Revolver Aside and Strikes Him With a Billy.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Wielding a billy with telling effect on the head of a burglar whom she surprised while he was ransacking her house early yesterday morning, Mrs. Nellie Geiger, 22, 1801 W. 47th street, put him to flight and saved the silverware, which he was about to carry off. Hurt by the blows the burglar fled to the street, where he rejoined his companion and disappeared.

Mrs. Geiger is the wife of John P. Geiger, clerk at the postoffice. Although small of stature she is of an athletic build. Burglars have no terrors for her. Twice since their marriage about a year ago she has driven away burglars who broke in while she was alone in the house. Once before her marriage she surprised two men at work and instantly attacked them.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Sunday morning a noise in the front room awakened her. She rose and hurriedly dressed. From the door of her bedroom she looked across the dining room and saw a man standing in the doorway between the dining room and the front room. Hidden by the portiere curtains of her bedroom she watched him. He was about six feet two inches tall and weighed more than 200 pounds. She saw a smile come over his face as he passed his hands over the pieces of a $200 set of silverware. Noiselessly she stepped back to her bureau, picked up a billy belonging to her husband and advanced boldly into the dining room. "What do you want here?" she asked.

"I want your money," he answered, and drew from his pocket a big revolver.

"None of your nonsense," he said. The gun pointed into Mrs. Geiger's face. "If you scream I'll kill you."

"Oh, no you won't," replied he little woman as she sprang toward him.

Dropping a silver baking dish to the floor the man halted undecidedly. In a second Mrs. Geiger had shoved the gun to one side and brought her billy down with a resounding whack on the side of the man's head. He lowered his revolver and ran for the door. Other blows from the billy followed, and with a yell the man sprang for the street.

Mrs. Geiger followed him to the outer door. She saw him run across the street and join another man standing under a tree. Together the men walked away and a moment later passed Mrs. Geiger's husband returning from work. When he met his wife on the porch and heard her story he started in pursuit of the men, but they had disappeared.

LEAVES FORTUNE TO SON

Butters Cuts Off Wife in His Will.

San Francisco, Oct. 29.—As announced by the executors of Henry A. Butters, the millionaire traction magnate, who died last Tuesday, the bulk of his fortune, estimated at several million dollars, will go to the testator's son, Henry A. Butters, Jr., who is attending Philipps Exeter academy in Massachusetts. Not only is Mrs. Butters' excluded from participation, but her two daughters by a former marriage were cut off with bequests of $5 each.

GIRLS LEAP OUT WINDOW

Neave Building at Cincinnati Scene of a Noon-Day Blaze.

Cincinnati, Oct. 29.—Panic that increased by the sight of bursting fire hose today caused several girls, employes of offices in the Neave building, corner of Fourth and Race streets, to leap from the windows, at least eight of them being hurt, several seriously, while one of the firemen was also badly injured. The fire started on the sixth floor, the flames soon bursting from the windows.

Miss Louise Boutelle, a dressmaker employed on the tenth floor, leaped from a window of that floor to an adjoining roof on the fifth floor level, and was badly hurt.

The fire broke out in the offices of the Pittsburg Calcium Light company, on the fourth floor, spreading quickly to the offices of the Patternmakers' league.

A SMILE OR TWO.

Card Sharp—"I tell you I don't believe that there is a king in this deck."

Countryman—"I know darn well there ain't. You got two of 'em in your sleeve and I got the other two in my bootleg."

—Judge.

"I give in," said the anti-Darwinist. "We're related to the lower animals all right."

"What changed your mind?"

"Fellow over in New York who ate 50 cars of corn at a sitting."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

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We ship on 30 days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. **FREE**—1 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with each 2 gallon demijohn or 8 quart bottle order accompanied with cash.

Full Quart Bottles of Rye or Bourbon are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either **4 for $3., 8 for $6.** or **12 for $9.** If not satisfied with goods, return, and if paid for all your money will be refunded by first mail.

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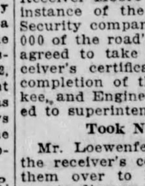
SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'L No. 23, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

"Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

FREE $4.95 WILL BRING YOU $20! To introduce our famous 5c. Cigars we offer FREE, all of the following: One $2 Stem Wind and Set Nickel Watch, One $10 Stem Wind and Set Gold Filled, Engraved, Full Jeweled Watch, Case Guaranteed 20 Years and Movement 5 Years and One Hollow Ground $3 Razor. All we ask is your consent to ship 100 "Straight 5c. Cigars" C. O. D. by express and allow full examination. We include in the same package FREE, the two Watches and Razor described above. If you consider the whole outfit worth $20.00, then pay the express agent $4.95 (less than the retail value of the Cigars alone) and he will deliver you the whole lot, otherwise refuse same and keep your money. We take all the risk. Return this ad. State if we must send Ladies' or Gents' watches. Name Express Office. GREAT SOUTHERN CIGAR HOUSE. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



FREE! Watches & Razor — Straight 5¢ Cigar — FREE! WARRANTED 5 YRS — ALL FREE!

TEN MILLIONS VANISHED

Funds Put Up by Investors for Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Missing.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Ten million dollars in round figures, out of a total of $18,000,000 put up by investors for the bankrupt Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railway company, has gone into something else than construction, according to reports of certified accountants to the receivers appointed by Federal Judge Peter S. Grosscup.

The reports show that $5,454,000, including the floating debt, have been spent in the construction of the road. Outstanding against this is a total bond and certificate issue of $16,000,000 and other debts amounting to $2,169,000, making a total debt of $18,169,000.

Millions Are Missing.

The difference between this amount and the money actually expended on the road is $9,715,000. A tremendously large amount was dissipated in the selling of bonds at extremely low prices.

The Wisconsin division of the road is the most striking example of extraordinary financing. The actual cost of the construction was $2,250,000. Against this as a debt of $13,929,805.

There also are interesting wrinkles in the financing of the completion of the road during the last few months. Receiver Moore was appointed at the instance of the Loewenfeldt London Security company, which has $1,250,000 of the road's bonds. Loewenfeldt agreed to take $1,000,000 of the receiver's certificates issued for the completion of the road into Milwaukee, and Engineer Drum was appointed to superintend the work.

Took No Certificates.

Mr. Loewenfeldt did not purchase the receiver's certificates, but turned them over to Receiver Moore, who was to dispose of them in the United States and Canada.

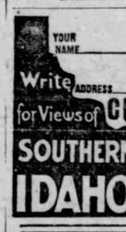
In exchange for the certificates Loewenfeldt took $1,000,000 of the bonds of the Michigan United Railways company, in which Moore was interested. Loewenfeldt, as a result of these deals, has furnished only $180,000 toward the financing of the completion of the road.

UNITE FOR A SANE FOURTH

Chicago Citizens Ask Incorporation Papers.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Incorporation papers for the Sane Fourth association were asked for yesterday by Marquis Eaton, president of the Hamilton club, and other citizens. The objects are said to aid in the enforcement of all laws designed to reduce the number of accidents incident to present methods of celebrating; to give organized expression of sentiment to a safe and sane Fourth of July, and to endeavor to secure such a type of celebration as shall best promote true patriotism.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE.



Write for Views of SOUTHERN IDAHO — CLIP THIS OUT and mail it to REILLY ATKINSON, Sec.-Treas. LEAGUE OF SO. IDAHO COM. CLUBS, BOISE, IDAHO, for free illustrated literature telling of wonders, opportunities, glorious sunshine, long growing season, no extreme heat MILD WINTERS SUMMERS

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They accomplish wonderful results for weak, nervous humanity, whose vitality is weakened from over work, over indulgence, errors, etc. Will positively restore lost manhood or womanhood.

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IT is a lifetime disease and transmitted from parent to child unless cured. TWENTY years experience has made us a master of this disease. The most desperate cases of BLOOD POISON positively cured. This you can do in the privacy of your own home. If you have tried all methods of treatment and still have **Sores in Mouth or Throat, Pimples, Ulcers** and **Copper-Colored Spots** on body, **Falling Hair** or **Eyebrows, Aching, Shooting Pains** in Head, Limbs, Bones or Muscles, or if you are Nervous or Threatened with **Locomotor Ataxia**—REMEMBER, your old case of Blood Poison is responsible. There is only ONE SURE METHOD. WRITE for our FREE BOOK and Proofs of Cures.

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FOR SALE—Improved farm, 240 acres. For particulars address owner, Isaac Bowles, Rock, Kas.

World's Oldest Law Firm.

Ex-Judge Alton B. Parker addressed the class entering the law school of Fordham university in the theatre of St. Francis Xavier college yesterday.

"Don't, I beg of you, make your highest aim money," said Mr. Parker. "If money is the only aim of your career, then you'll find there are other endeavors that will bring you larger financial reward than the law.

"One of the oldest law firms known to the world," continued Mr. Parker, "was that of Marshau & Son. This firm practiced law 2,000 years before the time of Abraham. There was found in the tomb of these lawyers the bill of sale of a ring for a marriage. The document was O. K., except that it needed only a United States revenue stamp to make it valid.

"That the lawyers of that date were willing to have such legal secrets buried with them instead of giving them to the morning papers makes a good showing for the legal profession of that time."

FLYING MACHINES OF MANY KINDS TO RACE FOR PRIZE

New York, Nov. 2.—A large number of aeronauts will compete in an unusual sort of aerial tournament at Morris park, Westchester, tomorrow afternoon. The Aeronautic society declares the exhibition will be one of the greatest the country has ever known. Gliding contests, windwagon races, kite flying, balloon experiments, a free-for-all competition with flying machines and five motor cycle events are arranged for.

The aviators will compete for three trophies, two of which have been offered by publishers and one by

TAFT AND FULL DINNER PAIL SWEEP THE COUNTRY

RETURNS SHOW BIG REPUBLICAN GAINS

Ohio's Favorite Son Even Invades the Solid South and Reduces the Democratic Majorities in Dixie Land.

DOUBTFUL STATES ALSO FOR HIM, AND BRYAN MAY LOSE NEBRASKA.

Missouri Returns to Her Old Place in Democracy's Ranks ---Estimates on the Electoral Votes Throughout the Nation.

William Howard Taft, of Ohio, 27th president of the United States.

James Schoolcraft Sherman, of New York, vice president.

This was the verdict of the people of the country yesterday at the polls, when the candidate of the Republican party was elected to the highest office in the land by a plurality that far exceeded the hopes of the most optimistic. Heavy Republican gains are shown in many states. It may be a landslide.

Even the early returns received from those towns in which the polls close late in the afternoon, indicated the trend, and long before midnight, the election of Mr. Taft was conceded in various sections of the country.

The first positive news telling that the Ohio candidate had been successful came from New York, when it was announced that he had carried the Empire state by a plurality of at least 100,000. As New York goes, so goes the nation.

ELECTORAL VOTE HARD TO ESTIMATE

Just what Taft's electoral vote will be is hard to estimate early this morning, but National Chairman Hitchcock stands by his statement that the Republican candidate will receive 325. In other quarters the more conservative say that he will get 248, six more than necessary to elect him.

Indications are that Taft has carried the entire east, with the possible exception of Maryland, and there are no indications of a Democratic landslide in the middle west, which would be needed to nullify the effect of the Republican victory in the east.

Missouri has returned to her old place in the ranks of the solid south. Illinois has gone Republican, but by a reduced majority secured by Roosevelt in 1904, which was a record breaker. Democrats rallied loyally to the Bryan standard, but their gains, although large, were unable to overcome the Republican lead.

Late last night, the Omaha Bee issued an extra in which it was declared that Taft had carried Nebraska, Bryan's home state, by 12,000.

DOUBTFUL STATES FOR TAFT.

In the most doubtful states reports show that Ohio, Indiana, New York, New Jersey and West Virginia have gone Republican. Even in the solid south, although the Democrats maintained their prestige, the Republicans made noticeable gains.

Despite the fight made against him by the gambling element, Charles E. Hughes was re-elected governor of New York.

Minnesota gave the head of the Republican national ticket a majority of 80,000, which is just about one-half of the plurality by which President Roosevelt was elected in 1904.

Both the Dakotas are again safely within the Republican fold, although here, as in Minnesota, the ticket went in by a much smaller vote than in the last election for President. North Dakota gave Taft 30,000, according to the claims of the party managers there, while South Dakota rolled up a plurality of 15,000, a loss from the previous presidential vote of 35,000.

Oklahoma will cast her first presidential vote for Democracy, the plurality given Judge Taft's opponent being 40,000.

In Kansas the Republicans sustained one of their most serious losses, this state, which showered upon the Republican ticket a plurality of 126,000 in 1904, being won by them yesterday by a margin of 20,000.

The returns from the far west were slow in coming in. Ohio, which was figured in the doubtful solumn, rolled up a plurality of 100,000.

CLOSE, BUT INDIANA IS REPUBLICAN.

In Indiana the Republicans had a close call, but it is believed they have carried the state by a margin of 3,000 although they lost the gubernatorial ticket.

In Pennsylvania, the banner Republican state, the Republican vote was reduced, although a plurality of substantially 300,000 has been given to Taft.

In Illinois the plurality given the Ohio candidate will be substantially 200,000.

Starting with Maine, the Republican nominee swept New England by a vote of landslide dimensions.

From the general results there appears to be little consolation for the Democrats, as practically all the states originally claimed by the Republican managers have thrown their votes into the Republican column.

HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, OF OHIO.
Another Prosperity President Chosen by the Patriotic People of the United States.

HUGHES WINS BY AT LEAST 50,000

Re-elected Governor of New York Despite Efforts of Anti-Gambling Element.

CHANLER'S LARGE VOTE A SURPRISE

Governor Is Serenaded at His Home—Thanks Fellow Citizens.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, Nov. 4.—Charles E. Hughes has been re-elected governor of New York by more than 50,000. Despite the anti-gambling element, who made the governor's reform efforts the leading issue in the campaign, he came out of the battle with colors flying.

Hughes came down to the city from up-state with an indicated plurality of about 121,000. Chanler's plurality south of High Bridge was approximately 68,000. The vote of two years ago was increased by about 150,000; Chanler surprised the Democratic leaders by an unexpectedly large vote in the rural districts, but lost tremendously in the city of Greater New York, where his followers had expected at least 100,000 plurality.

The Republican party was successful in all offices, according to returns.

Hughes Is Serenaded.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 4.—Gov. Hughes was serenaded last night by members of the Taft-Hughes league of Albany, who marched to the executive mansion with a band and a large crowd of people.

The governor and Mrs. Hughes greeted them from the porch of the mansion. The crowd gave three cheers for Mrs. Hughes and the Governor then stepped forward and in a short address said:

Fellow citizens—I thank you very heartily for coming to give me this greeting. The indications from the returns so far as they have been read are most gratifying. I am deeply rejoiced for the splendid victory for the national ticket. It is most inspiring.

"And I want to thank you all for the earnest work that you have done that has made possible our victory in this state. It has been a great pleasure to go from one end of the state to the other and meet directly so many of my fellow citizens and talk over with them the great questions in which we are interested and I want to thank you all for the loyal support that you have given to the ticket. I thank you most heartily.

"This is a time when emotion gets the better of words, I would not trust myself to speak fully all my heart would prompt me to say. Once more from the bottom of my heart, I thank you.

TAFT DELIGHTED AT CONGRESSIONAL RESULTS.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cincinnati, Nov. 4.—In reply to a telegram from William B. McKinley, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, Mr. Taft wired: "Your telegram received. I am delighted to know that we shall have a Republican house, for that is absolutely necessary for future work."

To Governor Hughes, Mr. Taft sent a message saying: "I thank you warmly for your congratulations and reciprocate by extending congratulations to you in carrying New York state against tremendous odds and by the wonderful campaign carried on. We are all indebted to you in the national campaign."

OHIO ELECTS GOV. HARRIS

Entire Republican Ticket Wins By Large Margin.

TAFT IN THE LEAD

Owing to the Big Ballot and Scratching Returns Are Very Slow.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus Nov. 4—At 3 o'clock this morning the Taft plurality in the state was placed at 94,000 and of the re-election of Governor Harris there can be no doubt since returns from the country districts have begun to come in, offsetting the losses sustained by the governor in the large cities where the liquor interests concentrated their fight against him.

In the congressional fight only one Republican district will be lost to the party. That is the Third district where, on account of a Republican factional quarrel, James Cox, Democratic candidate is elected. To offset this it is figured that James H. Southard, Republican, will probably defeat I. R. Sherwood, Democratic congressman in the Ninth district.

Because the vote was extraordinarly heavy and the scratching of the big state ballot more general than usual, complete returns will not be received from any but the smallest and most partisan counties until late.

But enough figures have been reveived to show that Governor Harris is running well up with Taft and that the remainder of the state ticket will doubtless be elected by the Republicans. Hy Davis, of Cleveland, state organizer of Republican clubs, predicted Saturday that Taft would carry Ohio by 85,000 and he said tonight that incomplete returns show that he has no cause to revise his figures.

Returns from eight precincts in Cincinnati, where is was expected Governor Harris would be knifed by the organized liquor interests, show that he ran only five or six votes to a precinct behind Taft.

Returns are not complete in any of the 21 congressional districts, but in the 13th, a prediction of the re-election of Grant E. Mouser, Republican, by 700 plurality, is based upon a conservative estimate. Figures from the 10th district show that A. R. Johnson, Republican, upon whom a bitter fight was made, will run with Taft and Harris and carry Lawrence county.

Hamilton County.

A private telephone message from George B. Cox is that Taft will carry Hamilton county by 25,000 and that Harris will not run more that 2,000 behind him.

At Republican state headquarters, Lucas county is claimed by 3,500 and Montgomery by 3,400. Clinton county gives Taft and Harris 500 plurality each. The Republican plurality in Lawrence county is estimated at 2,750 and in Greene county, which recently voted wet under the Rose law, at 2,000 for both Taft and Harris.

Bryan and Harmon will carry Butler by about 3,000. In Democratic Crawford, Bryan's plurality will be 2,600 and Harmon's 2,000. Early in the evening Democrats also claimed Morrow county but later returns show that it is Republican, though not by more than five hundred plurality.

In the sixteenth district, the election of D. A. Hollinsworth, Republican nominee for congress, is claimed by 4,000.

W. G. Bowland, chairman of the Franklin county Republican committee, asserts that Taft will carry the county by 4,000 and Harris by 1,500. Preble, Governor Harris' home county, normally Democratic by 500, has reported figures from 30 precincts, giving Harris 410 plurality and Taft 280. In 1905, when Harris was a candidate for lieutenant governor, Pattison carried Preble by 136.

REPUBLICANS HOLD THE MAJORITY IN CONGRESS

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Mr. Taft will have a friendly house of representatives, one pledged as strongly as himself to carry out the reform measures initiated by President Roosevelt. While exact figures are wanting, it is evident that the Republican majority in the house will be at least sixty and, possibly, several more.

The south, as usual, sent solid delegations of Democrats to congress. There are breaks in Maryland and in Kentucky, and Missouri returned at least three Republicans to congress. One district which has been a Democratic fixture of Pennsylvania, almost a hopeless proposition to oppose, has gone Republican for the first time since the civil war.

Cannon Wins Easily.

The most notable of the victories was that of Joseph Cannon in the Danville district of Illinois: His plurality was close to 6,000. The speaker lent a whimsical touch to the bulletins last night by giving out a statement in which he said he was willing to admit his election.

Among the victories early recorded was that of Champ Clark, the "Boy Wonder" of Pike county, Missouri. An old-timer declared here last night that when congress refused to seat Champ Clark, Missouri would secede from the union.

In Massachusetts, ten of the eleven Republican candidates were elected. Early news from Boston seemed to presage a decided cutting of the usual Republican plurality, and the Democrats at the capital hotels were entertaining hopes for an hour or two that several Democratic candidates for congress might possibly be able to crawl through. This faith was early dissipated.

In Pennsylvania.

Twenty-one Republican were elected in Pennsylvania and three Democrats, according to dispatches received up to midnight. Their pluralities were only guessed at.

Georgia elected its eleven Democratic nominees and announced the vote early in the evening. The only new face which will be seen from the state in congress at the next session will be that of Dudley M. Hughes, representing the Third district.

The congressional elections of Ohio are puzzling the watchers here tonight. Never before has such meager news come out of that state. While the election of Taft and Governor Harris seemed certain there is no such feeling of certainty as regards the congressional candidates. Grant Mouser has carried the thirteenth, A. R. Johnson the tenth and D. A. Hollingsworth the sixteenth. Nicholas Longworth and Theodore Burton had too little opposition to be considered as of interest in the matter of contests. At this hour Washington admits it is unable to tell who is elected in other districts in Ohio.

Iowa All Republican.

The indications are that the entire delegation in congress from Iowa will be Republican, a gain of one over two years ago. There is a close race in the sixth district between Hamilton, the present incumbent, Democrat, and Kendall, Republican. Both sides are claiming the district. The second and first, close districts, Dawson and Kennedy, Republicans, are elected by safe pluralities. In the eighth, the fight against Hepburn did not succeed and he is re-elected.

Alaska elected James Wickersham, Independent, delegate, on August 11. William H. Andrews of New Mexico is the only candidate for delegate from that territory.

Oregon held state and congressional elections in June, Willis C. Hawley and William R. Ellis, both Republicans, being named for representatives.

At the September election Maine elected four Republicans as congressmen. Two Republican representatives were elected by Vermont in September.

Payne Tariff Patcher.

The election of Sereno E. Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee in the house of representatives, means that Mr. Payne will organize the tariff work of the next congress and will introduce the new tariff bill.

ESTIMATED ELECTORAL VOTE.

	Rep.	Dem.
Alabama		11
Arkansas		9
California	10	
Colorado		5
Connecticut	7	
Delaware	3	
Florida		5
Georgia		13
Idaho	3	
Illinois	27	
Indiana	15	
Iowa	13	
Kansas	10	
Kentucky		13
Louisiana		9
Maine	6	
Maryland		8
Massachusetts	16	
Michigan	14	
Minnesota	11	
Mississippi		10
Missouri		18
Montana		3
Nebraska		8
Nevada		3
New Hampshire	4	
New Jersey	12	
New York	39	
North Carolina		12
North Dakota	4	
Ohio	23	
Oklahoma		7
Oregon	4	
Pennsylvania	34	
Rhode Island	4	
South Carolina		9
South Dakota	4	
Tennessee		12
Texas		18
Utah	3	
Vermont	4	
Virginia		12
Washington	5	
West Virginia	7	
Wisconsin	13	
Wyoming	3	
	298	185

BRYAN'S STATEMENT.

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 4.—When the returns last night showed Taft to be in the lead, William J. Bryan at first refused to make a statement. Later, however, he sent down stairs the following:

"It is very gratifying to receive so complimentary a vote in my home precincts of Normal and the city of Lincoln. We appreciate very much this expression of good will on the part of our neighbors in Republican strongholds."

HARRIS' VOTE FALLS OFF

Bellefontaine, Nov. 4.—Seven out of 38 precincts in Logan county give Taft 518, Bryan 324. Five give Harris 272, Harmon 140. Taft's plurality in county will be about 2,500, a Democratic gain of 500 over 1906. Harris' plurality in county will be about 500.

W. W. Riddle, Republican, is elected representative. Nevin, Democrat, for congress, may carry this city.

GUFFEY HOPES FOR CHANGE

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 4.—J. M. Guffey, for twelve years member of the Democratic national committee, but who drew upon himself Bryan's bitter wrath at Denver, on hearing of Bryan's defeat, issued the following statement:

"I gave out a statement at Denver July 2, covering my views as to the duty of the Denver convention. I did the best I could to bring about a different ticket, but failed. The outcome clearly shows the folly of that convention allowing itself to be dominated and dictated to by one family. Let us hope that the early future will give us a Democratic party, wherein personal ambition will be ignored and fundamental Democratic principles prevail."

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Oc. 31.—Bradstreet's says: Unsettled weather, and pre-election quiet are in evidence this week as affecting trade at a great many cities. Except at Chicago and New York where some good business had been done in wholesale lines for spring, first and second hand distribution has been confined to fill-in and immediate shipment proportions. Current distribution as a whole is still reported below last year at the corresponding date, except at a few points in the northwest. Perhaps the most active line at wholesale is that of cotton goods for spring; the clothing trade is rather quiet, as a whole, being affected by past prevailing weather, but men's wear woolen reorders for spring are reported better and there has been the largest week's business in wool done this year at Boston. There is a better tone in the footwear trade, rainy weather having helped. Western manufacturers, however, report medium and low priced goods most in demand. Industry is fairly well employed, though the low stage of water in streams affects manufacturing from the Alleghenies eastward to the coast, especially in coke making, coal mining and paper and textile manufacturing. Pig iron is quiet and weaker at Pittsburg, but more active at eastern markets, and mild weather restricts demand for coal the country over. Finished iron reports are of more doing in the placing of actual specifications for industrial and railway work, but rails are still neglected.

The grocery trade reports fair activity on quick order business.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended October 29, number 239, against 231 last week, 233 in the like week of 1907, 163 in 1906, 160 in 1905, and 200 in 1904.

Business failures in Canada for the week number 32, against 31 last week and 25 in this week last year.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 30c; solid pack, 29½c; second, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 24@24½c; dairy butter, 25c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolored, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll basisi, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; fancy grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. tub basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1-lb. roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Country run, 24c; cndled, 26c; fresh country, 28c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½c; New York state, 15c; Longhorn, 16c; brick, 14½c; Swiss, 16c.

Onions—Spanish, $1.50; home-grown, yellow, 55@60c; white, 75c; garlic, 7c.

Celery—Kalamazoo, buch, 15c; yellow plume, 25c.

Lettuce—12c; head lettuce, Boston, 75c a dozen.

Endive Lettuce—Doz., 30@25c.

Potatoes—Michigan, bu., 65c; home-grown, bu., 65c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, bu., 75c; bbl., $1.75@1.85; Jersey, bbl., $3.00@3.25; bu., $1.

Beans—Hand picked navy beans, bu., $2.75; red kidney, bu., $2.00.

New Cabbage—Home grown, bbl., $1.50; ton, $30.

Squash—Hubbard, doz., $1.50.

Cauliflower—$1.25.

Turnips—Bu., 40@50c.

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 10c.

Cranberries—Early red, $8.50@9.00 bbl.; late Howe, $9.50@10.00; home-grown, bu., $2.75@3.00.

Cucumbers—Boston hothouse, doz., $1.25.

Pumpkins—Doz., 75c.

Beets—New, bu., 60c.

Round radishes, 10c doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; green onions, doz., 6@7c; vegetable oysters, doz., 25c; carrots, bu., 45c; rutabagas, bu., 35c; parsnips, bu., 50c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40@50c.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—Baldwins, $2.75@3.00; Greenings, $2.75; Pound Sweet and Twenty-ounce, $3.00; Rambo, $2.25@3.00; Bell Flower, Kin and Northern Spy, $3.75; Ben Davis, $2.00.

Pears—Keifers, bu., 65c.

Quinces—Bu., $2.00@2.25.

Grapes—Catawbas, pony basket, 15c; Concords, 8-lb. basket, 20c.

Lemons—$4.25@4.50.

Limes—Box 100, $1.

Pineapples—Cuba, doz., $2.00.

Oranges—Florida oranges, $2.75@$3.00; grape fruit, case, $4.50.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2; Hallow dates, lb., 5c.

Figs—Pulled, lb., 15c; stick figs, lb., 14c; Turkish, 14c.

Poultry—Alive—Hens, 10@11c; geese, 10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 15c lb.; broilers, 10@11c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 7@7½c; heavy and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, 10c; fair, 8@9c; spring lambs, 10c; yearling sheep, 8@9c.

Sheep—6@7c.

Cow Beef—3@6c.

Steers—6½@8c.

Heifers—6@7½c.

Lard—11¾c.

Fat Bacon—12c.

Wide Bacon—13@13½c.

Lean Bacon—15¼c.

Mess Pork—New, bbl., $18.00; short clear, $18.00; Morgan, $18.00; hams, sugar cured, lb., 13c; pressed hams, 11½c; shoulders, 8½c; bologna sausage, 8c; Frankfurts, 10c; pork sausage, 8½c; garlic sausage, 8c; outside dried beef, 13c; inside, 17c; knuckles, 18c.

ELECTION PLEASES TOKIO

Japanese Papers Print Extras on Taft's Victory.

Tokio, Nov. 4.—The announcement of the election of Taft was received in Tokio with much interest.

The Tokio papers issued extra editions conveying the information.

Manitoba on heavy selling by farm... The increase in the visible supply... large, but not equal to last week's... the end of the session the price... steady. Toledo cash wheat unchan... at $1.02¾, December at $1.03¼, ... unchanged at $1.06½, and July ⅛... at $1.00. Liverpool closed ⅛d to ... higher.

One of the features of corn is the ... cellent quality of the new crop. ... receipts were fairly heavy and the ... graded contract or better. Liverpool ... unchanged to 1d lower the greater ... of the day. December started ¼... at 62⅞c, May unchanged at 63¾... July ⅜c lower at 63c. The far ... showed a gain of ¼c early in the ... noon.

Closes in corn were: Cash 66½c, ... cash 71c, December 63c, May 63... July 63⅜c. Liverpool closed ⅝d to ... lower.

A loss of ⅛c, sustained at the ... set in oats, was made up in the ... half hour. December opened at 4... May at 51½c, and July at 46½c.

Oats finals were: Cash 49½c, De... ber 49½c, May 51⅜c, July 46.

Clover seed displayed a rather ne... tone on the call. December opened ... changed at $4.97½ and gained 2½... the initial hour. March lost a gai... 2½c by dropping to $5.07½ about... a. m.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos Nov 2 Cl
Cash	1.02¾	....	....	1.02¾ 1
Dec.	1.03¼	....	1.03¼	1.03¾ 1
May	1.06¾	....	....	1.06¾ 1
July	1.09⅛	....	....	1.09 1
Corn—				
Cash (old)	....	....	....	71
Cash (new)	....	....	....	66½
Dec.	63⅝	63⅝	....	63
May	63¾	63¾	....	63¾
July	63	....	....	63¾
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	....	49¼
Dec	49⅝	49¾	....	49½
May	51½	51⅝	....	51⅝
July	46½	46⅝	....	46
Clover Seed—				
Cash	....	....	....	5.00
Nov	4.92½	....	....	5.07½
Dec	4.97½	....	....	5.12½
March	5.10	....	5.07½	5.22½
No. 2	....	....	....	4.30
No. 3	....	....	....	4.70
Rejected	....	....	....	4.55
Neg.	....	....	....	4.40
Rye—				
No. 1	....	....	....	78½
No. 2	....	....	....	78
No. 3	....	....	....	76
Timothy—				
Prime	....	....	....	1.70
Alsike—				
Prime	....	....	....	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Dec.	1.00¼	....	99¾	99¾
May	1.03⅜	....	1.03	1.03⅜
July	98½	....	97¾	97¾
Corn—				
Dec.	63¼	....	63	63¼
May	63⅝	....	62⅝	62⅝
July	62⅛	....	62	62⅛
Oats—				
Dec.	48½	48⅝	48	48¼
May	50¾	....	49¾	50¼
July	45½	....	....	45¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Dec.	1.10	....	1.09¾	1.09¾
May	1.10⅝	....	1.10⅛	1.10⅛
Corn—				
Dec.	73⅞	....	73⅜	73⅝
May	71¾	....	....	71¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Dec.	99¾	....	....	99¾
May	1.00⅝	....	....	1.00⅝

CHICAGO PROVISION.

Pork—				
Jan.	16.00	16.22	15.97	16.12
May	15.85	16.10	15.80	16.00
Dec.	14.37	....	....	14.50
Lard—				
Dec.	9.35	9.477	....	9.40
Jan.	9.40	9.60	....	9.45
May	9.37	9.55	....	9.52
Ribs—				
Jan.	8.87	....	....	8.50
May	8.50	8.60	....	8.57

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. (2.—Wall Street... The principal foreign stock exchan... were closed today and this, added... the approach of the election, made... early dealings in stocks very dull. ... moderate demand centered on the ... speculative favorites and carried G... Northern preferred up 1½. Union ... cific, Northern Pacific and Readin... and St. Paul and American Co... Oil ¾.

Purchases of stocks continued for ... most part in the active favorites, ... some of the active specialties sho... strength. The Harriman and Hill st... led the rise in the active stocks. Mi... apolis and St. Louis preferred advan... 4 points, Westinghouse Electric 3¾, A... lican Cotton Oil 2, the Union Pacific ... Hill stocks 1½ to 1¾, American Smel... 1¼ and Atchison preferred, Southern R... way preferred, Amalgamated Co... General Electric, Southern Pacific, S... Sheffield Steel and Union Bag 1.

Receipts were taken on a slowly ... steadily rising scale which pl... priced at the highest about n... Union Pacific's gain was 2¼, Sout... Pacific and Reading 1⅝, Federal ... ing pfd. 4¾, Great Northern Ore ... tificates 2¾, Southern Railway pfd. ... American Smelting 1¾ and Atch... Pennsylvania, Chesapeake & Ohio, ... lantic Coast Line, Southern Rail... and several others a point. Bonds ... irregular.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. ... With a light run of hogs today and ... strong advices from outside points, ... local market opened 10c to 15c higher ... yesterday. Everything sold in good ... son and the close was strong at the ... vance.

Cattle were strong, sheep and la... higher, and calves steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 t... lbs., $5.50@6.00; mediums, $5.75@5.90; ... ers, $5.60@5.75; light Yorkers, ... lbs., $4.60@4.90; good pigs, $4.60@4.65; ... and roughs, $5.50@5.60; mixed, $5.60; ... bulk of sales, $5.60@5.70.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, ... 5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50... fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain ... steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50... fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, ... 3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher ... $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; ... ers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; ... butcher bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to ... bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, ...

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.00... mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and ... mon, $2.00@2.75; spring lambs, $3.75... ewed, $2.25@2.75.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00@7.50; fai... good, $6.50@7.00; common, $4.00@6.00; h... and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—Cattle, receipts a... 1,500; market strong to a shade hig... beeves, $3.30@5.30; Texans, $3.00@4.65; ... ers, $3.20@5.90; stockers and fee... $2.55@4.35; cows and heifers, $1.60... calves, $6.00@8.00. Hogs—Receipts a... 18,000; market strong; light, ... mixed, $5.25@6.10; heavy, $5.30@6.15; ro... $5.35@5.55; good to choice heavy, $5.35... pigs, $5.25@5.75; bulk of sales, $5.50... Sheep, receipts about 8,000; market st... to 10c higher; native, $2.60@4.65; west... $2.60@4.65; yearlings, $4.50@5.15; lambs, ... @5.90; western, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 3.—(By Sw... Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle ... cars; strong. Hogs, 30 cars; str... heavy, $6.00@6.10; Yorkers, $5.50@6.00; ... $5.00. Sheep, 10 cars; strong; best la... $6.15; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; wethers, $4... 4.25; ewes, $3.75@4.00. Calves, $4.50@...

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 3.—(By Bowe... Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts, 40 cars; m... ket higher; mediums, $6.00; ... $5.75; pigs and lights, $4.50@4.55; ... lambs, $5.90; best calves, $8.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 2.—(By Br... man, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs—... loads; heavies, $6.05@6.15; medi... $5.95@6.05; heavy yorkers, $5.90@... light yorkers, $5.00@5.40; pigs, $4... 4.75; sheep, $3.00@4.25; lambs, $... 5.90; calves, $5.00@8.25.

Wool.

Boston, Nov. 3.—The Boston ... market is active and strong. S... have reached the highest point of ... year and the volume of trade is ... distributed. Prices are moving ... ward. Small lots of washed del... have been taken at 35c, while 60... asked for fine territory staple o... scoured basis. Medium fleeces are ... higher, with three-eighths Michi... and Ohio at 26½c and Ohio half b... at 27c.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.